NOVEMBER 14, 1983 • $1.50

It's war, not peacekeeping

LESLIE GELB ON VIETNAM • POEMS BY CZESLAW MILOSZ • LEON WIESELTIER ON THEODORE DRAPER

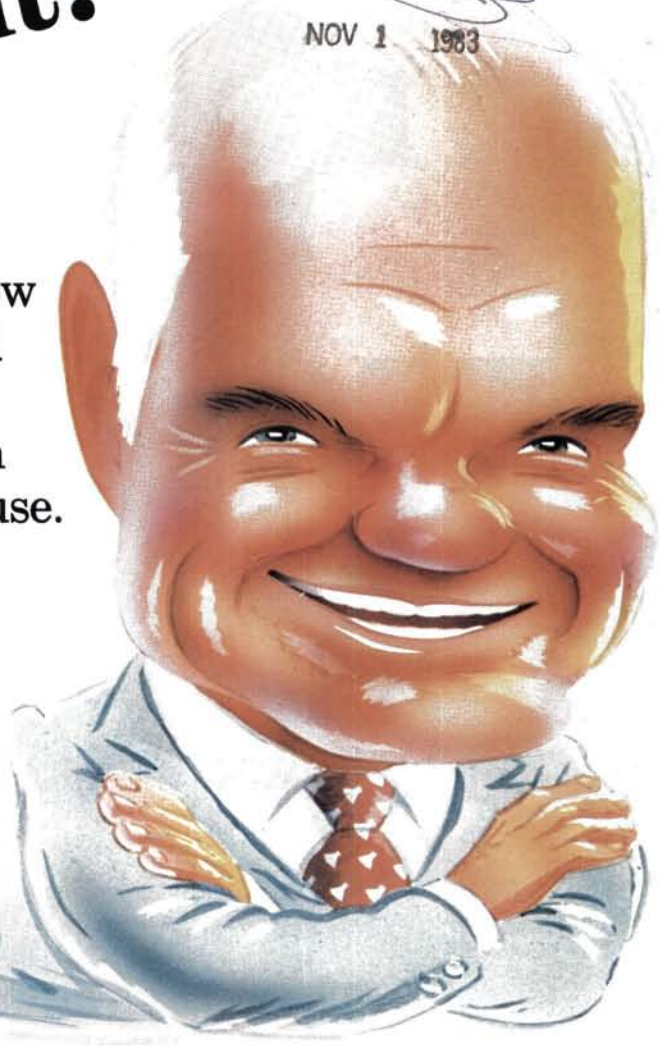
THE NEW REPUBLIC

Glenn is it!

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy
NOV 1 1983

THE INSIDE STORY of how Scott Miller, who created the ads for Coca-Cola, plans to help John Glenn move into the White House.

by SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL



3 46

UCY 0614
AAMBAA3DOWGRID 41 NP FEB84
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91123

NEWSPAPER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW KODAMATIC™ TRIMPRINT™ INSTANT COLOR FILM.

KODAK WILL CHANGE YOUR IMAGE OF INSTANT PHOTOGRAPHY.

David Copperfield

1 Watch the brilliant color develop before your eyes.

2 Then, any time after an hour, you can lift the picture off the back.

3 Now you have a Trimprint™ without a bulky back. You can even trim it or crop it.

4 It's so thin, it fits where other instant pictures can't. Keep it in an album with your other treasured prints.

This is the most versatile instant film ever, with great color by Kodak. Share it in an instant. Then keep it like a regular print. It's the instant you and your photo album have been waiting for. New Kodamatic™ Trimprint Instant Color Film.
Only for Kodamatic cameras. And only Kodak could pull it off.

Sarajevo '84
Official Film
XIV Olympic
Winter Games

Kodak

**IT'S AN INSTANT PRINT.
IT'S A REGULAR PRINT.
IT'S A TRIMPRINT.™**

© Eastman Kodak Company, 1983.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,591

WASHINGTON, D.C. — NOVEMBER 14, 1983

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor
MORTON M. KONDRACKE

Senior Editors
ANN HULBERT, MICHAEL E. KINSLEY, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Films STANLEY KAUFFMANN — *Theater* ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry Editor
ROBERT PINSKY

Contributing Editors
ABRAHAM BRUMBERG, ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE, JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE, PAUL FUSSELL, JOHN KEEGAN, BOB KUTTNER, R.W.B. LEWIS, NATHAN LEWIN, MARK CRISPIN MILLER, JOYCE CAROL OATES, WILLIAM J. QUIRK, ROBERT B. REICH, PAUL ROBINSON, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, RICHARD L. STROUT, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

National Political Correspondent
SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

Assistant to the Editors
KAROLE BRAUNSTEIN

Production Manager
LORI STARRS

Assistant Production Manager
MARGERY MERTINS

Production Associate
PATRICIA A. HOPPER

Production/Advertising Assistant
HILARY KANTER

Reporter-Researchers
KATHLEEN KEARNS, CHUCK LANE, JONATHAN ROSENBLUM

Publisher
JAMES K. GLASSMAN

Associate Publisher
REED PHILLIPS

Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN

Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Executive Assistant to the Publisher
SUSAN A. BUFFETT

Circulation Manager
DUNCAN J. EVERED

Circulation Fulfillment Manager
WINTER THOMASON

Circulation Associate
CAROLYN WINSTON

Assistant to the Controller
LIVIA ARNAIZ

Accounting Assistant
PATRICIA A. KELLEY

Classified Advertising Manager
THERESA MILLER

Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

Back Issues and Reception
CATHI E. STALLINGS

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Jesse Jackson's Presidential prospects, &c.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... ON THE FRITZ

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... THE 'PEACEKEEPING' FRAUD
The horrifying massacre of U.S. Marines in Lebanon exposes the pretense of the 'peacekeeping' mission. Their real job is not one they can perform disarmed.
VAPID DEPLOYMENT FORCE
Hussein's U.S. posse: the ultimate desert mirage.
GUNBOATS TO GRENADA
The U.S. invasion provides an easy victory over an ugly regime, but the full price is not yet known.
NOTEBOOK

13 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: SOMETHING LESS
Despite Lebanon, despite Grenada, Reagan's foreign policy is Ford-like, minus the Kissingerian vision.

15 **SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL** ..... STATECRAFT AS SPACECRAFT
To Scott Miller, the former advertising executive who is playing a crucial role in shaping the media strategy of John Glenn, the Presidential campaign is strongly reminiscent of the Pepsi Challenge. The Miller TV spots will pick up the themes of Glenn's heroics in space—and the movie about them. *The Right Stuff II?*

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: TRUE TO LIFE, TRUE TO FILM
Hollywood's gift to Glenn leaves you wondering.

26 **LESLIE H. GELB** ..... REALISTS AGAINST REALITY
Vietnam: A History
by Stanley Karnow

29 **LEON WIESELTIER** ..... A SELF-MADE MAN
Present History
by Theodore Draper

31 **CZESLAW MILOSZ** ..... FOUR POEMS
Translated by Robert Hass and Robert Pinsky
Introduced by Robert Hass

34 **LEON EDEL** ..... THE MAN IN THE WOMAN
Willa: The Life of Willa Cather
by Phyllis C. Robinson

36 **TOVA REICH** ..... ERSATZ EPIC
Winter's Tale
by Mark Helprin

38 **DOROTHY WICKENDEN** ..... OLD DARKNESS, NEW LIGHT
Cathedral by Raymond Carver

42 **NEW YORK DIARIST** ..... DEBATE

COVER by Robert Grossman for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article begins on page 15.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 189, Number 20, Issue 3,591, November 14, 1983. (Printed on October 26, 1983.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated January 10 & 17, July 18 & 25, August 15 & 22, and September 19 & 26) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $45; foreign, $67; Canada, $55. Back issues, $2.00 (includes postage & handling). ©1983 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.** For subscription problems call **800-645-9559** (N.Y. state residents 800-732-9119).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

PRESIDENT JACKSON?

To the editors:
William Brashler's article on Jesse Jackson's campaign for President ("Dr. J," TNR, October 17) points out that (1.) "he has no chance of winning" and (2.) Jackson has a "lack of respect in his hometown." However, Brashler fails to speculate on just what Jackson's "scheme" might be. Despite what Jackson or others are saying, the controversial black activist is not running for President; rather, Jackson is waging a smart and subtle campaign for a cabinet position in the next liberal Democratic administration, specifically for Secretary of either Housing and Urban Development (HUD) or the Department of Health and Human Services.

If Jackson succeeds in registering the "estimated 8 million unregistered black voters" and forming his much talked about "rainbow coalition," the Democratic nominee in 1984 will indeed owe a debt to him. Jackson, by saying he is thinking of running for the Democratic nomination himself, does not have to endorse any candidate for the Democratic nomination. Therefore, regardless of who wins the nod, Jackson has positioned himself perfectly.

Jackson would not think twice about leaving Operation PUSH, since he is not a hero in his own town. And the organization is being investigated for an alleged misappropriation of federal funds. Leaving in January 1985 would be opportune for him.

As the Secretary of HUD or H.H.S., Jackson would be in a vastly improved position to pursue his liberal social and economic policies. The cabinet position may even increase his standing in Chicago and the state of Illinois enough so that he could come back to run for Congress or mayor of Chicago. The worst he could do is remain as head of Operation PUSH and become a member of the Democratic National Committee.

RICHARD DAWIDOWICZ
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:
For someone who cannot have paid much attention to Jesse Jackson in the past, William Brashler has found a lot to tell us about him now. It is the conclusion of his article that reveals his lack of knowledge. Here he shares with us his vision of a Presidential debate in which Jackson, against Reagan or Bush, would "rave and rhyme, smile and wink, chide, taunt, and refute." It seems Brashler forgets to have Jackson talk about the other dude's mama.

Anyone who has spent more than a little time observing Jackson on television knows that when he is talking about weighty matters in a forum where there are others with different views, he is composed, expressionless, and serious-minded.

KEVIN GREGG
Sedona, Arizona

To the editors:
William Brashler's profile of Jesse Jackson accurately portrays this sanctimonious and arrogant opportunist. His appearance at the 1983 March on Washington can only tarnish the memory of Martin Luther King. The shortsighted and self-aggrandizing activities of "unannounced" Presidential candidate Jesse Jackson, the "black John Anderson" of 1984, are destined to ensure Ronald Reagan another four years in the White House.

PETER D. WROBEL
Denver, Colorado

FIRST SETTLEMENT

To the editors:
The ethnocentric President of Trinity College, Oxford, Anthony Quinton ("Character and Culture," TNR, October 17) thinks that "the first European settlement in North America" was by people of "the Protestant commercial middle class." St. Augustine, Florida, was founded by the Spanish in 1565, two generations before Jamestown and almost three generations before the Mayflower.

GEORGE STEVEN SWAN
Wilmington, Delaware

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

"Plainly the best book thus far written about the Burger Court."—Floyd Abrams

The Burger Court

The Counter-Revolution That Wasn't
Edited by Vincent Blasi, Foreword by Anthony Lewis

This major reassessment of the Burger Court examines the Court's work in such controversial areas as freedom of the press, family law, racial discrimination, and criminal procedure — and reaches the surprising conclusion that its record is much less conservative than had been expected. $25.00

At bookstores or from **Yale University Press, New Haven, Ct. 06520**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIRST AMENDMENT v. UNION POLITICAL SPENDING

The First Amendment was written nearly 200 years ago to protect the right of all Americans to freely express their own opinions—and the right not to support opinions with which they disagree.

But despite the First Amendment, one group in America has the power to force men and women to financially support political causes and candidates they oppose—or lose their jobs. That group is organized labor.

Federal labor law as well as some state laws permit unions and employers to require working Americans to pay union dues as a condition of employment, regardless of whether or not they want to join or support a union. As a result, the AFL-CIO and member unions collect more than $3.5 billion per year—$10 million a day—in compulsory dues.

This massive amount of union treasury money, often called "soft money," cannot be used for direct cash contributions to candidates for federal office. But federal election law permits the use of "soft money" for a host of union activities for candidates, political parties, referendums and ideological causes.

And spend it the unions do. Political historian Theodore White called the AFL-CIO political effort in 1968 "unprecedented in American history." It included, for example, the registration of 4.6 million voters, the printing and distribution of 115 million pamphlets and leaflets, telephone banks in 638 localities, 72,225 house-to-house canvassers, and nearly 100,000 volunteers on election day.

Labor columnist Victor Riesel estimates that the cost of organized labor's unreported "in-kind" political activities in 1976 was over $100 million. Allowing for inflation and the dramatic increase in union political action, that figure could top $150 million in 1984.

In response, more and more union members are speaking out against the flagrant abuse of their First Amendment rights, looking to the nation's courts for help.

The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that the use of compulsory union dues for political, ideological and other non-collective bargaining activities is unconstitutional, violating employees' First Amendment rights. But some courts have strayed badly in their interpretation of the legal precedents.

This fall, the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation will seek from the Supreme Court a strict definition of collective bargaining and a uniform remedy to protect the constitutional rights of American workers against the use of their compulsory dues for union political spending. **(Ellis/Fails v. Brotherhood of Railway, Airline and Steamship Clerks)**

The issue is clear, the abuse widespread. Rank and file workers, especially those who choose not to become union members, have little or no say as to which candidates and causes their money is used to support.

As a federal appeals court has stated, this wholesale violation of employees' First Amendment rights damages workers twice: They are forced to "contribute" to political candidates they oppose, and their ability to finance candidates they do support is thereby severely diminished.

Nearly 200 years ago, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "To compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves, is sinful and tyrannical."

Unhappily, such tyranny prevails in America today in the form of union political spending financed by compulsory union dues. This tyranny can only be eliminated by the combined action of an informed press, an aroused citizenry and a responsible judiciary.

If you would like further information about this fundamental abuse of the First Amendment, please write us for a copy of our pamphlet, "The First Amendment vs. Union Political Spending: A 26-Year Legal Battle for Employees' Political Freedom", and more information about the landmark case, **Ellis/Fails v. BRAC.** Or call Joanna Boyce at 800-336-3600.

National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
Dept. NRP
8001 Braddock Road
Springfield, VA 22160

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

On The Fritz

Walter Mondale has apologized for calling John Glenn the "anti-Democrat Democrat," but Mondale continues to campaign on the theme that he is the "real Democrat" among the Presidential contenders. God help the Democratic Party, he may be right.

Mondale's trump card is that Senator Glenn voted for the 1981 Reagan tax cut. Not only was this disloyal to the Party, Mondale contends. It also demonstrates that Glenn, not Mondale, is the candidate of the dread "special interests." Nineteen eighty-one, Mondale says, "would have been a good time for a Democrat to stand up against the special interests and vote no."

Ah, 1981. I see it shimmering there through the mists of history. What were real Democrats doing in 1981? All but ten of them in the Senate were voting for the Reagan tax cut. (The Honorable Ten include Mondale's rivals Ernest Hollings and Gary Hart.) The most brazen special favors for the rich were added by the Democrats when Reagan's original proposal reached Capitol Hill. That's what David Stockman was referring to in his famous remark, "When that bill passed, the hogs were really feeding," which Mondale has been misquoting on the stump.

And where was a real Democrat like Fritz Mondale during "the cruelest assault on social justice in American history," as he has called it? Mondale had the good fortune not to be holding public office in 1981. But he was not unemployed. After leaving the Vice Presidency, and after an extensive bidding war for his services, Mondale joined the Washington office of a predominantly Republican Chicago law firm called Winston & Strawn. He was not paid a large salary there "to stand with the working men and women of this country" and "to be a champion of senior citizens" and so on (a recent Mondale job self-description).

Among other things he was paid for in 1981 was to participate in one of the largest business lobbying campaigns seen until that time. (Such onslaughts have since become almost routine.) This one was on behalf of Exxon, Arco, and Sohio, which wanted a special rule essentially guaranteeing the profitability of a gas pipeline project by allowing them to pass the cost on to consumers (working men and women, senior citizens, people like that) long before they delivered any gas. "Special interest" legislation if there ever was any, it passed with Mondale's help.

There is nothing un-Democratic about lobbying for big business. Indeed Democrats make the best business lobbyists, since they can preach to the unconverted. Other Democratic warriors on behalf of Exxon et al. were Anne Wexler, formerly of the Carter White House, and Robert Strauss, formerly almost everything including Party chairman and still the top Party power broker.

Strauss turned 65 last week, and they had a big surprise party for him at a Washington hotel. The *Post* covered it. A chorus of lawyers sang him a ditty to the tune of that nostalgic Democratic anthem, "Camelot": *We keep all well-heeled oil men out of trouble/Protect each cattle baron's precious rump/Recession times we only charge you double/At Akin, Gump.* Akin, Gump is Strauss's firm. Strauss himself, the lyrics go on to point out, "runs the Party from his old back house" and "earns his keep up in the Senate lobby." A real Democrat, and no mistake.

What makes Mondale the *echt* modern Democratic politician, however, is not his influence peddling. (By all accounts, he did very little to earn his keep at Winston & Strawn.) It's not even his pandering to special interest groups, though he does that with a vengeance. It's that his campaign for President is the culmination of just about every deplorable trend in American politics—the length and complexity of campaigns, the premium put on caution and on early front-runner status, the emptiness of the debate—and is succeeding for just that reason.

Like Nixon, Carter, and Reagan before him, Mondale in 1984 will have been out of public office for years. This

continued on page 39

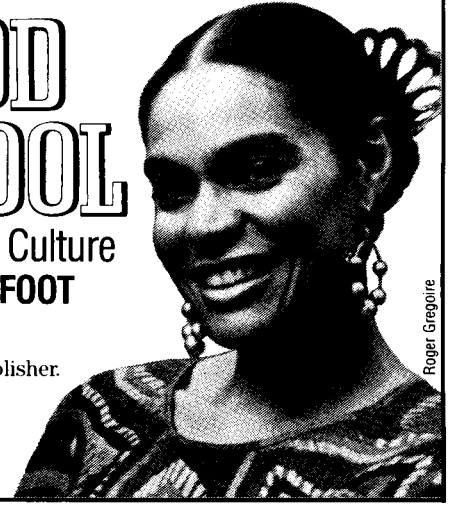
What makes a good school?

Is it leadership, the faculty, students, community support, tradition, money, or more? Prominent Harvard educator Sara Lawrence Lightfoot looks for answers in six widely divergent high schools—two in inner-city communities, two in the suburbs, two private prep schools—that have all earned reputations for excellence. Her vividly detailed portraits offer "an antidote to despair and a road map to better education." —*FRED M. HECHINGER*

THE GOOD HIGH SCHOOL

Portraits of Character and Culture

SARA LAWRENCE LIGHTFOOT



Roger Gregoire

$19.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.
Toll-free (800) 638-3030
Major credit cards accepted.

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 14, 1983

THE 'PEACEKEEPING' FRAUD

The sentry [at the entry gate to Marine headquarters in Beirut] told Corporal Calhoun that as the truck went by him, he had inserted the magazine clip into his M-16. The Marines are normally not allowed to walk around with loaded guns for safety reasons and because they are supposed to be "peace-keepers." By the time the sentry got the rifle loaded, Corporal Calhoun said, the terrorist had already exploded the bomb.

—The New York Times, *October 25*

The bomb killed more than two hundred Marines.

Illusions are inherently dangerous, but in war zones they can be deadly. The illusion that American Marines are in Lebanon as "peacekeepers" has turned out to be a threat not only to our soldiers but to American policy in Lebanon as well. The Beirut bombing has set off a storm of congressional criticism and calls for withdrawal—immediately, say some, like George McGovern and Fritz Hollings; gradually and with a veneer of honor, say others, like Sam Nunn. All agree, however, that Marines should not be dying for a mission that is not understood and has never been well defined.

The Reagan Administration has contributed to the confusion by refusing to get out from under the "peacekeeping" umbrella. Even after the Beirut bombing, even after the President declared that we have a "vital interest" in Lebanon, he refused to give up the shibboleth. Peacekeeping is the most overused word in the lexicon of diplomatic lies and half-truths. It has been appropriated to describe everything from Syria's seven-year occupation of Lebanon to the MX missile (Mr. Reagan's many-warheaded peacekeeper). Yet the word can be used honestly only in a very circumscribed sense: to describe a disinterested third party, like the multinational force in Sinai or the U.N. force in Cyprus, that monitors a stable equilibrium between former combatants. In Lebanon the United States is not disinterested, the equilibrium is not stable, and the combatants have declared not a real truce but one of Lebanon's many false cease-fires. Ask the Marines.

If we're not peacekeepers, then what are we doing there? A host of subsidiary theories have been advanced. For example, the Marines are a symbol of our support for the Gemayel government. But uniformed men carrying unloaded guns are a better symbol of irresolution. They also tend to become targets for people looking for ways to attack—symbolically—the United States.

Another theory is that we are there to hold the airport, one of the few real military assets under the control of the Lebanese government (and thus a "symbol" of Lebanese sovereignty). But it would be more correct to say that the airport is holding the Marines. They are not allowed to go out on patrol. As a result they become sitting ducks—and the airport comes under continual small arms and sniper fire, and thus cannot be opened to traffic. The airport theory is as full of holes as the airport runway.

Another possibility is that the Marines are there as a tripwire. That is a classic and legitimate function for superpower troops. It is the function of American troops in Korea and Berlin and of Soviet troops in Cuba. They are a deterrent because even though the enemy can easily overcome them, any attack would result in many deaths and thus trigger a massive superpower response. The problem with the tripwire theory to explain the Marines in Lebanon is that killing them triggers nothing. Whether the Marines are killed one at a time or in huge numbers, there is no retaliation, massive or otherwise, to be expected from the United States. In that case, the Marines can serve only, as Senator Sam Nunn has pointed out, as hostages. What he means is that having our boys in danger in Beirut makes us support the government there, because the Marines' safety depends on it. It's a way of making us do something that we would not otherwise do. And it is the craziest and cruelest of functions to assign to brave young men.

Since these are the reasons floating about to explain our presence in Lebanon, it is no wonder that there are calls for withdrawal. Some people even consider the Marines' mission to be the protection of the Marines—a mission, as Henry Kissinger points out, that could be better fulfilled in Camp Lejeune.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In fact there is no mystery about our real mission in Lebanon. The mystery is the Administration's reluctance to articulate it. It is to provide military, political, and economic support for the Beirut government to ensure that it is not overthrown by Syria or its surrogates. The President doesn't say this because he doesn't want to arouse a Congress which has been trying to restrict the duration and size of the American presence for fear of another Vietnam. The peacekeeping fig leaf is also intended to mollify moderate Arabs who do not want us to choose up sides in Lebanon for fear of upsetting Syria. It is also intended to fool the murderous dissident factions in Lebanon by using neutral language to describe our intentions. They are not fooled. Our refusal to choose sides openly has served only to confuse our friends.

WHY should we be timid about declaring what side we're on? The Gemayel government is the legal, legitimate, elected government of Lebanon. It is pro-Western. We have made a commitment for the last year to its sovereignty, independence, and territorial integrity. We have brokered a peace agreement between that government and Israel which provided for withdrawal of foreign forces and a peaceful Israeli-Lebanese border. That government asks our help to protect itself from attack by Syria, the leader of the radical Arab states, the self-proclaimed "permanent enemy" of the United States, and the major vehicle for Soviet influence in the Middle East.

It is true that the Beirut government is Christian-dominated, but that's the way things are arranged under the existing Lebanese constitution, and President Gemayel is prepared to enter into political talks with the Druse, Shiites, and other Moslems for a more equitable redistribution of national power. And it is particularly ironic that the charge that Lebanon is a minority government is made by apologists for Syria, a country ruled by the tiny Alawite minority, whose idea of an election is a gun-count at a Ba'ath Party Central Committee meeting.

There is a final reason: American credibility, a notion that is often scorned as a synonym for machismo but in fact is a powerful and indispensable diplomatic instrument. In 1970, for example, American credibility with Syria was such that a threat to act (in coordination with Israel) was enough to end a Syrian invasion of Jordan. United States credibility in the Middle East suffered enormously with the overthrow of the Shah, an American client, and by American passivity during the hostage crisis. This time the United States is in a better strategic position and on stronger moral and legal grounds to defend its ally; and it is responding not just to attacks on its surrogate but to the murder of its own soldiers. For the United States to withdraw now would have a calamitous effect on American influence in the Middle East and throughout the world. It would be Lebanon's Tet offensive. And it would be a measure of what has happened to American power and credibility in the last fifteen years that today a Tet can be carried out by a single fanatic.

What is to be done? One very popular proposal these days is to withdraw in favor of U.N. troops. It is not a serious proposition. The United States, France, and Britain are already in Beirut. The only member of the Security Council with an interest in the area which isn't already there is the Soviet Union. The Soviets have no interest in supporting the Lebanese government; they are equally uninterested in "peacekeeping." Their, and the Syrians', interest is to keep the Lebanese civil war going, and to put pressure on the Gemayel government until it falls. To invite them to join in the process of saving Mr. Gemayel is a contradiction in terms.

There is another, slightly more honorable way to sell out the Gemayel government, a way that is favored by some in the Reagan Administration. That is to keep the Marines as they are, hunkered down in the undefendable airport, and let Syria know quietly that we will not oppose its "legitimate security interests" in Lebanon and will encourage the Gemayel government to be "flexible" at the Geneva talks. That way the Syrians might provide a decent interval during which they would make sure that a cease-fire held and the multinational force could withdraw, after which Beirut would be theirs for the taking.

THE FINAL option is to sustain the Gemayel government both militarily and diplomatically. Contrary to this week's conventional wisdom, this is not at all impossible. If the M.N.F. were consolidated under a unified command and began patrolling the greater Beirut area, it could then free the Lebanese Army to concentrate on its defenses in the Shuf Mountains. That might require beefing up the Marine forces in conjunction with the other members of the M.N.F. It might also require using our naval and air power to knock out Syrian artillery support of their Lebanese clients. But it requires most of all that we shed the "peacekeeping" illusion, and permit the Marines to be mobile, armed (rifles loaded), and reinforced; in short, it requires that we afford them the status, and thus the protection, of combatants. After all, the appalling lack of security at Marine headquarters in Beirut was in large part a result of the notion that we were not combatants. Those who massacred the Marines did not share that illusion.

We should also make it clear to Syria that we will hold it responsible for any further attacks on the M.N.F. Within hours of the explosion, Secretary Weinberger was heavily promoting the theory that Iran (or as Bernard Gwertzman of *The New York Times* phrased it, "a cult of Iranians") was responsible for the deed. Since that's a way of saying the devil did it, it absolves one of any responsibility to respond. But even if Iranians did do it, we know that they are headquartered in the Bekaa Valley, invited and protected by Syria. People do not drive around the Syrian-controlled countryside carrying twenty-five hundred pounds of explosives without Syrian permission. If we want Syria to prevent further attacks of this kind, we must make it clear in the only language they understand. The Golan Heights are quiet these days not because of any Syrian affection for Israel, but because Israel has spoken to Syria in that language.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That's the military response: reinforcing our troops; threatening retaliation; and training, resupplying, and supporting the Lebanese Army. Diplomatically, we should encourage the negotiations in Geneva, but only toward a more equitable sharing of power with the Druse, the Shiites, and other Moslems. President Assad will press instead for a fatal weakening of the Beirut government. If we encourage Mr. Gemayel to commit quiet diplomatic suicide, as a way of extricating ourselves from Lebanon, it will be a lesson not quite as dramatic as a precipitous withdrawal, but one that will be unmistakably understood by the rest of our friends who depend on us in the Middle East and elsewhere.

Above all, the situation in Lebanon today requires us to be steady and, if you will, strategic. Many of our difficulties stem from a year of haphazard policies taken reactively and without any apprehension of our own interests. When the Israelis last year were driving the P.L.O. out of Beirut and Syria out of Lebanon, we made them stop. We did so out of the best of intentions, but it turned out to be an excess of delicacy. In the long run—and it is now only a year—no lives have been saved, as Syria has used its reprieve to rearm, to resupply, and ultimately to reignite the factional warfare in Lebanon. We refused to understand that the only natural counterweight to Syrian influence in Lebanon is Israel, and that by forcing Israel to withdraw we could create only a vacuum—which we have now filled at our own peril—or a Syrian dominion over Lebanon. During the year of Israel's occupation of the Beirut area, the Defense Department made every effort to prevent any coordination between Israel and the M.N.F. Now that Israel has withdrawn to the twenty-five-mile line, there is a belated understanding of its importance in balancing Syrian and Soviet power in the area. Henry Kissinger and others have called for a renewed effort to coordinate our actions with Israel's. It is not likely to happen. An Administration that refused to send its wounded and dying to Israeli hospitals half an hour away from the site of the airport bombing, sending them instead on a five-hour journey to American army hospitals in West Germany, is not an Administration that will willingly engage Israel in any kind of cooperation. (Twenty-one Marines were flown to British facilities in Cyprus.) The refusal to accept Israeli offers of hospital beds and of sophisticated rescue equipment not only is tragic for the Marines who might have been saved, it is another example of this Administration's unwillingness to use its major strategic asset in the area.

After so much loss of life in Beirut, the air is understandably filled with demands for some kind of immediate action. But we've allowed our actions to be much too determined by shocking events, like the Sabra and Shatila massacres (the reason the Marines were sent to Beirut) and now the massacre at the Marine barracks. What we need are not responses but policies. And these have to be grounded in a strategic understanding of our interests in Lebanon, a willingness to affirm them, and a steadiness to do what is necessary to advance them.

VAPID DEPLOYMENT FORCE

The massacre of Marines in Beirut graphically illustrates how difficult it is to maintain an American presence in Lebanon and how determined are those opposed to it. The Persian Gulf, certainly as important to the United States as Lebanon, is at least as great a challenge. President Carter declared it such a vital interest that the United States was prepared to use military force if necessary to defend it. For a long time, the United States didn't have to. The Shah of Iran was a strong and willing surrogate. Since his fall, the U.S. has been running around the area trying to find someone to defend its interest in the Gulf. It is a serious problem that has yielded a string of unserious solutions.

Zbigniew Brzezinski was partial to Iraq. True, Iraq was, and is, the most virulently anti-American Arab state in the Gulf. It has spearheaded the Arab rejection of Camp David, led the boycott of Anwar Sadat, and backed the Abu Nidal gang, whose specialty is equal opportunity terror (it attacks Palestinian moderates and European synagogues, anything to make peace more difficult). Bravely refusing to confuse power with principle, Mr. Brzezinski advocated a tilt toward Iraq because of its strength. Iraq put its strength on display by picking a war with a convulsed and almost technologically disarmed Iran. Iraq now finds itself desperately suing for peace. (Now that Iraq has been beaten, there are voices in the current Administration calling for a new tilt to Iraq, a development that proves once again that when ignorance is wedded to stubbornness it can transcend even ideology.)

Next there was Egypt. Operation Bright Star, which featured Egyptian and American boys shoulder to shoulder in the desert as spectacular live bombing runs took place overhead, was a symbol of American-Egyptian military cooperation. The difficulty had to do with substance. When Libya invaded Chad earlier this year, the United States (and then France) looked for ways to stop its advance. Not only did President Mubarak not lift a finger on behalf of Chad, but when the United States sent AWACS planes to the Sudan as a warning to Qaddafi, Egypt hastened to assure the world that it had nothing to do with this American action. Next customer.

The perennial candidate for defender of American interests in the Gulf, the Harold Stassen of the region, is the King of Saudi Arabia. The point of the AWACS sale of 1981, and the F-15 sale of 1978, was to induce the Saudi rulers into closer cooperation with the United States. To that end we've given them enough sophisticated equipment to sink the *New Jersey*, and that for an armed force about half the size of New York City's (excluding Guardian Angels). Yet Saudi Arabia is so weak that it cannot even defend its interests in the Gulf, let alone ours. Its current idea of defense is to throw money at Iraq so *it* can fight Iran. And as for military cooperation with the United States, the Saudis make a point of refusing any, as a way of placating their enemies. Their loud and frequent protestations of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neutrality always feature the declaration that they will not permit American use of their military facilities. They long ago shut down their U.S. air bases; they insisted that the AWACS sent to defend them be transferred to Saudi control (that was the point of the sale); and they regularly pressure the smaller Gulf states to embrace a similar neutrality.

The reductio ad absurdum of a policy of relying on moderate Arabs to act on behalf of the United States would be to lean on the weakest reed of them all, King Hussein of Jordan; and now this has happened. For two years the Reagan Administration has been secretly training and preparing to equip Jordan with advanced aircraft, sophisticated anti-aircraft missiles, and light tanks, for . . . a Jordanian rapid deployment force, to fly around the Middle East putting out anti-American and anti-moderate-Arab fires.

IT'S HARD TO KNOW where to start on this one. Hussein has never been known to deploy anything rapidly, and certainly not an armed force in defense of others' interests. He can barely defend his own. As for larger issues, Hussein, to put it kindly, doesn't like to get out front. He refuses to act without an Arab consensus at his back, which is as good as a pledge of paralysis. Six months ago he gave up a chance to pursue President Reagan's Middle East peace plan—which promised to return the West Bank to him—because he couldn't get Yasir Arafat's permission. This is the man we expect to throw his armed forces into the breach when we need him in the Gulf?

This plan is now said to be jeopardized by public exposure. Why? Because Hussein, like other Arab moderates, is afraid of being perceived as militarily linked to the United States. The point of most secret agreements is to keep them from *enemy* eyes; a secret agreement with Hussein, however, must be kept from his own people, and from others on whose behalf military force is presumably to be deployed. Some agreement.

The most disagreeable bit of rationalization to defend this zany idea was produced by the Administration official who argued that in the light of Israeli "retrenchment" the United States had to turn elsewhere for help. But the Jordanian R.D.F. idea came up two years ago, when Israeli retrenchment was hardly an issue. (That was when Israel was retrenching its way into Iraqi nuclear reactors.) Israeli "retrenchment" is barely two months old. It consists of Israeli withdrawal from Beirut (the United States had opposed the original advance) to the twenty-five-mile line which only a year ago critics had proclaimed the limit of legimate Israeli security interests in Lebanon.

How does the United States defend its interests in the Gulf? If it wants to rely on a surrogate, there's only one nation in the area that is a strong, stable, and organic ally. Its people don't have to be denied information about military arrangements with the United States, its military can project force from Uganda to Iraq (the Nile to the Euphrates, as some would have it), and it has more than once welcomed military cooperation with the United States.

The United States may choose not to avail itself of Israel. In that case it must do the work of a great power and rely on itself.

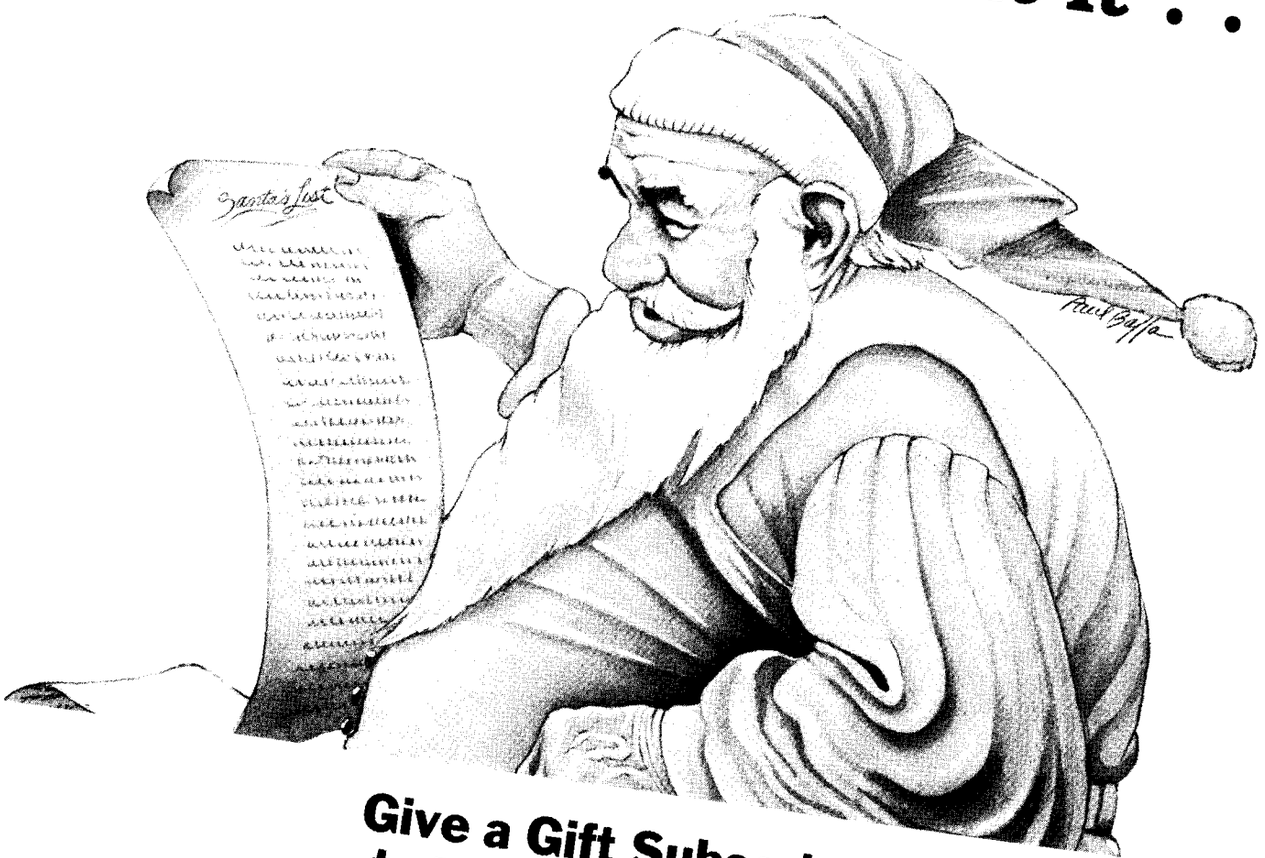
GUNBOATS TO GRENADA

Be still, America's heart. The United States has finally "projected," as they say, military power in the Americas. The Secretary of State tells reporters that the Marines have secured their positions on the island of Grenada (population 110,000), and only a little resistance in the capital remains. Mr. Shultz's justifications for the invasion of Grenada were two: to protect the Americans on the sunny little isle in the wake of the violent overthrow of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop, and to respond to the request of the Organization of East Caribbean States that the United States "help to ensure peace and stability," a request in which Jamaica and Barbados joined. More generally, the Secretary spoke repeatedly of an "atmosphere of violent uncertainty" in Grenada that made the American action appropriate.

When the Marines hit the beach in this precinct of paradise, the political situation in Grenada was itself in an atmosphere of violent uncertainty. Maurice Bishop and some of his colleagues had been murdered and replaced by other colleagues in the New Jewel Movement who were said to be more ruthless in the service of the revolution. Mr. Bishop was failing to act on all of his extravagant ideology, but he was, be it quickly said, no hero. If he had not existed, V.S. Naipaul would have invented him; and the same may be said of the bizarre political culture that created him. The New Jewel Movement was founded in 1973—its lovely name stands for Joint Endeavor for Welfare, Education, and Liberation—to free the country from the demented regime of Sir Eric Gairy, who searched the skies for U.F.O.s, plundered his island's moderate resources, and controlled the opposition by means of a private band of thugs known as the Mongoose Gang. In 1979 Mr. Bishop replaced Mr. Gairy in a bloodless coup. Immediately he proceeded to cozy up to Cuba, and more generally to the Soviet sphere of influence. Grenada and Cuba were the only nations in this hemisphere that voted with the Soviet Union in the United Nations against the General Assembly's condemnation of the invasion of Afghanistan. On the first anniversary of the Grenadan revolution, Fidel Castro broke new ground in third world hyperbole by praising the island as "a giant," and Maurice Bishop toasted the friendship of Grenada with Cuba, Libya, Syria, "the people of Palestine," Algeria, Iraq, Vietnam, and the Polisario Front. Mr. Bishop once met Frantz Fanon, and he was honoring his memory with a general repression and a preposterous military buildup.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to pick out a great gift in less than 60 seconds, save up to 58%, and feel good about it . . .



Give a Gift Subscription to THE NEW REPUBLIC!

Just think of all the people you know who could profit from a regular reading of THE NEW REPUBLIC . . .

Uncles and aunts and students at school,
friends from the office (you've got quite a few).
Clients and colleagues you mustn't neglect,
plus all other persons whose minds you respect.

So why not take a minute to fill out and return the accompanying card—and give THE NEW REPUBLIC at up to 33% off the regular subscription rate, 58% off the cover price. Your first gift (even if it's to yourself!) is only $45 for a year's subscription (48 issues). Each additional gift is only $30. (That's $15 off the regular rate, so it really pays to give more than one gift!)

What's more, as soon as we receive your order, we'll rush you festive cards you can use to announce your gifts. But hurry. We must receive your order soon in order to mail you your free announcement cards in time for the holidays.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
P.O. Box 955
Farmingdale, NY 11737.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reagan Administration's suspicions of this government, then, were not unfounded; and the revolution in Nicaragua that followed so closely upon the revolution in Grenada did not ease our rulers' minds. The anti-Grenadan rhetoric was refulgent, and attempts were made to deny loans (even hurricane relief) to the island from a variety of international agencies. I.M.F. monies were successfully kept away, but the Caribbean Development Bank repulsed the American attempt; even Mr. Bishop's most passionate Jamaican opponents revolted against what they called "the worst features of a superpower." When Mr. Bishop visited Washington last year, there were indications that he wanted to meet with American officials for the purpose of a thaw. There was no response. The Administration had decided that Grenada was lost, that it was fundamentally and forever an enemy. In 1980 *The Washington Post* disclosed that a naval blockade was being considered by the National Security Council. The overthrow of Mr. Bishop last week sent almost two thousand Marines steaming to the area. Finally, on the morning of October 25, they landed.

Mr. Shultz's concern for the safety of the Americans on the island, many of them medical students who must be particularly bitter now about their low MCAT scores, looks like an excuse; the pretty place may be a police state, but there was no sign that our citizens were in trouble. This sort of rodomontade in high places produces only public cynicism. The concern of the Organization of East Caribbean States, however, is certainly genuine; the islands nearby have long looked nervously at the absurd militarization of their neighbor. Moreover, the Organization itself deserves to be respected. It is one of a number of such arrangements that troubled regions of the world have recently produced in attempts to find new structures for regional security. The force that now occupies Grenada is a multinational force, though the bulk of it is American; these are not states with what you would call armies, and the rather unusual reliance of this regional security organization upon the strength of a superpower may be explained by the lack of almost any armed forces among its member states. (In this respect, as in others, the Commonwealth Caribbean differs decisively from the Central American basin.) What part its neighbors will play in the disposition of Grenadan power remains to be seen. The United States has said it will withdraw quickly, but it is too early to speak confidently on almost any aspect of this Caribbean crisis.

THE AMERICAN invasion of Grenada is only a little ridiculous; it is not more ridiculous than the British invasion of the Falklands, in which we saw a point. The political evolution of the Caribbean is a serious matter, and so too is the Reagan style in foreign policy. About the latter two animadversions may be made. First, the authoritarianism of Maurice Bishop will not prevent Latin America from railing against the imperialism of Ronald Reagan. This invasion will cost the United States in the collective consciousness of its neighbors (not to mention the collective consciousness of the Congress); it will not make America's stated commitment to the principles of democracy and nonintervention any easier to credit. This may turn out to be rather a high price to pay for the flexing of our muscle. Second, the idea that we have done more than flex our muscle may be wrong. The successful occupation of Grenada is not exactly a moment of military glory. It is not at all clear that the Sandinistas in Managua and the guerrillas in El Salvador will experience shivers in their spine as they watch this walkover, designed though it was to provoke such shivers. The mystery about America's willingness to send its soldiers into battle seems much more illuminated by the situation in Lebanon, where they were not sent into battle; and there must have been a psychological and political reason for ordering the Marines into Grenada on the morrow of their disaster in Lebanon. It is clear that our Commander in Chief is not inhibited from the use of military power, but the invasion of Grenada may still be the military equivalent of rhetoric.

NOTEBOOK

□ LINGUIST, HEAL THYSELF: "It is difficult in history and social science to discover principles of any generality and force, but there are a few. One is that every action of every State is claimed to be undertaken solely for defensive purposes and with awesome nobility of intent—though the leadership may fall into error because of ignorance, the complexities of history, or the machinations of whoever happens to be the current 'Great Satan,' to borrow Khomeini's useful contribution to political discourse." Who wrote this? The answer is Noam Chomsky, in the July 29 issue of *The New Statesman*. Thus begins his essay about American foreign policy called nothing other than "The Shadow of the Great Satan." The Ayatollah's analysis has not fallen on deaf Western ears after all.

□ TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The events in the Middle and Far East in the past four months surely have demonstrated that the kind of military force we need to be able to exert must present a minimum of hazard to the local population, some of whom are and all of whom we want to make our friends and allies. So far we have been lucky, because the conventional military forces we have left have been sufficient. But if our Marines had gone shooting into Lebanon, the situation would have been far different. It is unbelievable that the President would have authorized them to use nuclear weapons, no matter how 'small,' against Iraqi or Egyptian-Syrian forces, even with Soviet 'volunteers' in their ranks. The alternatives would have been a drawn-out affair—prolonged while we built up our conventional strength—or defeat." ("Work Ahead For Congress: National Defense," The Editors, November 17, 1958.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

SOMETHING LESS

IN 1976 Ronald Reagan tried to oust Gerald Ford on the grounds that his foreign policy wasn't tough enough. Three years into his own Presidency, however, Reagan has adopted an essentially moderate, Ford-like foreign policy, and now has installed a Ford-like team of advisers—with one huge omission. This Administration has no strategist such as Ford had in Henry Kissinger. Ironically, in the aftermath of the massacre of Marines in Beirut, it is Kissinger who is urging an aggressive policy in Lebanon and Reagan who is defending restraint.

Reagan is talking a tough game, and he covered a Vietnam-like trauma in Beirut with a Mayaguez-like victory in Grenada. His rhetoric has scared some columnists and members of Congress into thinking he is escalating the U.S. commitment in Lebanon. In fact, however, Reagan decided several weeks ago not to act as if U.S. "vital interests" were truly at stake.

He was urged by Robert McFarlane, then his Mideast negotiator and now his White House national security adviser, to authorize U.S. Marines to leave their bunkers and fight along with the Lebanese Army against Syrian-backed Druse militias. McFarlane also urged that U.S. jets and naval gunfire be used to hit back at Syrian artillery that was pounding the Marines.

McFarlane did succeed in convincing Reagan to see the basic situation in Lebanon his way—as an attempt by Syria, backed by the Soviet Union, to take over Lebanon and establish itself as the foremost power in the Arab world. Reagan's rhetoric continues to show he believes such a Syrian victory would be a devastating blow to U.S. prestige and alliances in the Mideast. McFarlane wanted U.S. military force employed to demonstrate resolve and strengthen the U.S. hand in negotiations with Syria.

But in a series of White House meetings in mid-September, said one official, "the question was, are we going to respond to Syria forcefully—go to war with Syria, in effect—or do something less? We decided to do something less." According to this official, "everybody was against McFarlane, particularly the Pentagon." McFarlane succeeded in winning a burst of naval fire against the Druse, but both militarily and diplomatically the U.S. switched its goal from forcing Syrian withdrawal to "something less."

Just how much less remains unclear. An Administration official said that McFarlane, "having been defeated on the vote to take firmer action against Syria, tried to get the next-best solution, given the reality that the Syrians were going to stay. He's now working for a classic Reagan-type commission to run Lebanon." McFarlane negotiated a cease-fire and set in motion a reconciliation process among Lebanese factions. Supporters of his effort point out that although Syria succeeded in winning the resignation of President Amin Gemayel's present government, it failed to gain a number of its larger aims, including renunciation of the Israel-Lebanon accord, withdrawal of the Lebanese Army from the Shuf Mountains, agreement that the outcome of the reconciliation process be binding, a Syrian veto over the prime minister and five of the twelve other ministerial appointments, and promises that the new Lebanese government would not call for Syrian withdrawal but would call for withdrawal of the multinational force, including the Marines.

Kissinger, however, believes that Syria will get all of this in time unless the "balance of forces" in Lebanon is altered in favor of Gemayel. The reconciliation process, he thinks, inevitably will result in the dismantling of Gemayel's pro-Western regime and its replacement with a pro-Syrian government. If they had been willing to wait, Kissinger thinks, the radicals would have achieved their aims by negotiation. In blowing up the U.S. Marine barracks, "they wouldn't take 'yes' for an answer. They showed that they want the total humiliation of the United States." Kissinger has not made precisely clear what he thinks the United States should do. What he seems to want, though, is for the U.S. and Israel to attack Syrian forces, presumably in the Bekaa Valley, both to punish the Marine barracks bombing—to "make clear that killing Americans is not free"—and to "change the balance of power" to keep Gemayel in and maintain the aim of forcing Syria out.

Reagan Administration officials deny the implication of Kissinger's critique—that the reconciliation talks amount to a fig leaf for U.S. retreat—but some of them acknowledge that Gemayel's agreement with Israel "may come into question" when a new Lebanese government is formed, and that the new regime will "lean more toward Syria." The Administration is emphatically unwilling—even in the aftermath of the Marine massacre—to make war against Syria, and it regards Kissinger's urgings to that effect as "not helpful." White House officials said that no one in the President's inner circle even raised the idea of a Kissinger-style escalation after the Beirut bombing. The only disagreement was between those—including Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff except the commandant of the Marine Corps, General P. X. Kelley—who wanted to have the Marines sleep at night aboard ships in the Mediterranean, and those—including Kelley, McFarlane, and Secretary of State George Shultz—who said it was necessary that the Marines be on land to maintain a "presence."

Administration officials say that the Marine bombing will have the effect of increasing U.S. pressure on Gemayel to get the reconciliation talks moving and to resist counterpressure from his family and his Phalangist supporters who fear that Christian influence would be diluted in a new government. The Beirut carnage also may make the United States "less pure" about maintaining neutrality in the Iran-Iraq war, since the United States believes that Iranian-backed Shiites perpetrated the massacre. The United States thinks Syria is "indirectly responsible" for allowing Iranians into Lebanon, and probably knew that the attack on the Marines was coming, since Syria discour-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

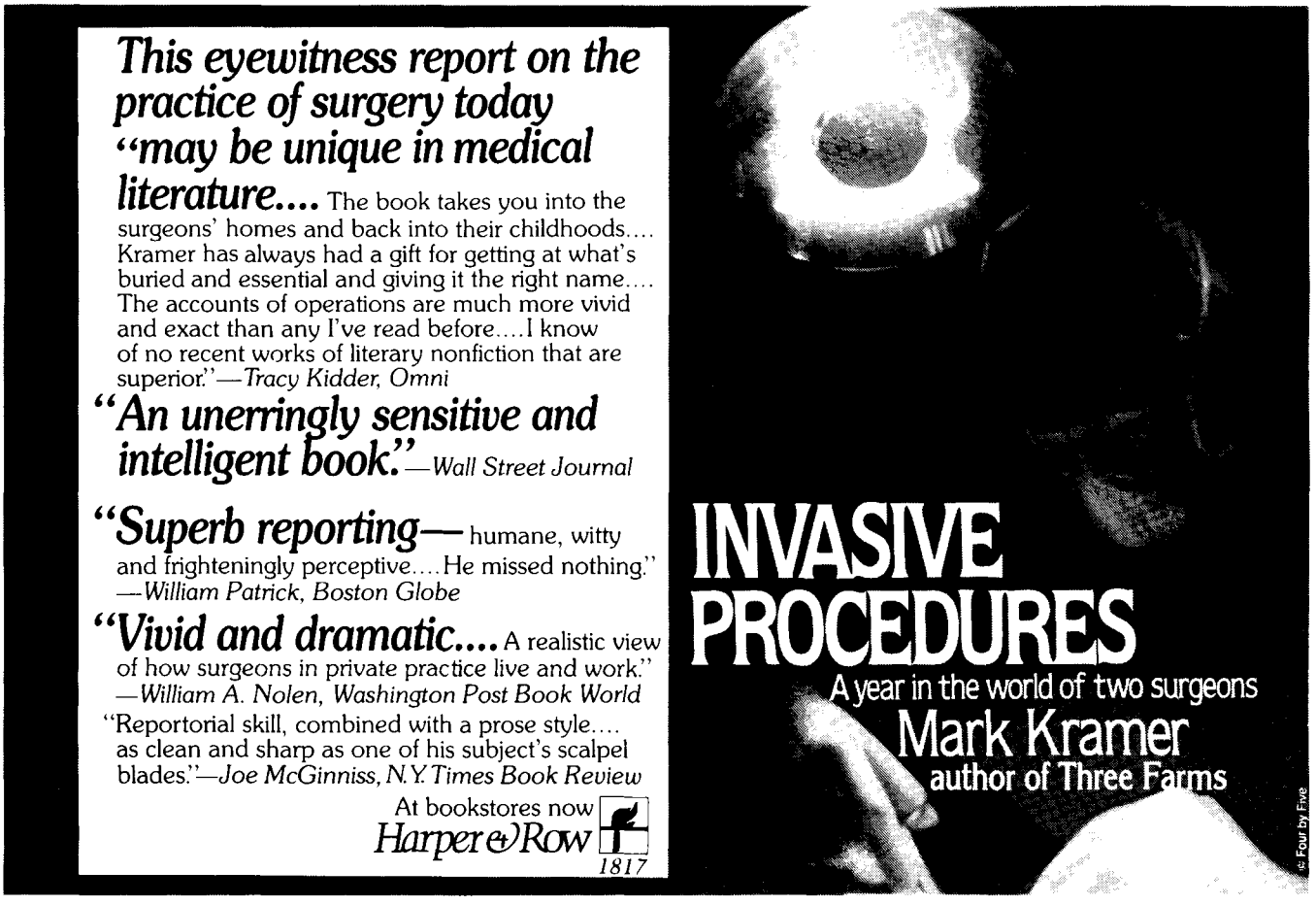
aged all parties from holding reconciliation talks at the Beirut airport. In spite of that—and in spite of the fact that various Lebanese groups have never attacked Syrian barracks—Reagan aides say it would be "dumb" to stage reprisal raids without knowing exactly who carried out the attack. Kissinger has told associates that so many groups have been attacking the U.S. forces that it would be hard to miss one of them in a punishment attack.

Whether Kissinger is right or wrong on this point, he does have a strategic design for Lebanon and the Mideast—for the world, in fact. Reagan lacks one, and no longer seems able to rely on his right-wing ideology to guide him. He no longer has any hard-liners in his top foreign policy hierarchy, either. Former national security adviser William Clark was worn down by tension, overwork, combat with the State Department, and intrigue within the White House, and ended up rusticating himself to the Department of the Interior. Clark knew little about foreign policy, but his presence gave protection and sponsorship to lower-level hard-liners who now can be safely ignored by State. Clark's departure "was the ballgame," one of them said. "The importance of this can hardly be exaggerated. This is now a Ford Administration."

Clark recommended McFarlane as his replacement, but the President hesitated in announcing the appointment, giving an opportunity for White House Chief of Staff James Baker to make a bold reach for total control of the Reagan White House. Baker almost convinced Reagan to appoint him as national security adviser and his ally Michael Deaver to be chief of staff. The scheme was thwarted when Weinberger, C.I.A. Director William Casey, and White House Counselor Edwin Meese intervened with the President on behalf of McFarlane. The three had earlier boosted U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick for the national security job, but dropped her for McFarlane when they saw the threat from Baker. Though newspapers conveyed the sense of an epic ideological battle between McFarlane and Kirkpatrick, that seems to have been a chimera invented to mask Baker's play for power.

From the standpoint of foreign policy experience, McFarlane is an improvement on Clark as security adviser, and he is a better choice than Baker, a Texas lawyer and former campaign manager for Gerald Ford and George Bush. McFarlane served on the National Security Council staff under Presidents Nixon and Ford, as a senior staff member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and as counselor of the State Department. He also knows more than Kirkpatrick about arms control, and has proved he can work in California-style collegiality with Weinberger and Shultz. He has proved in the Middle East that he is a man of sturdy views, but he has yet to establish that he has the power to make his views prevail against adversaries. He seems to be an able diplomat and staff man, but this Administration—this country—still needs a strategist.

MORTON KONDRACKE


This eyewitness report on the practice of surgery today "may be unique in medical literature.... The book takes you into the surgeons' homes and back into their childhoods.... Kramer has always had a gift for getting at what's buried and essential and giving it the right name.... The accounts of operations are much more vivid and exact than any I've read before....I know of no recent works of literary nonfiction that are superior."—Tracy Kidder, Omni
"An unerringly sensitive and intelligent book."—Wall Street Journal
"Superb reporting— humane, witty and frighteningly perceptive....He missed nothing."—William Patrick, Boston Globe
"Vivid and dramatic.... A realistic view of how surgeons in private practice live and work."—William A. Nolen, Washington Post Book World
"Reportorial skill, combined with a prose style.... as clean and sharp as one of his subject's scalpel blades."—Joe McGinniss, N.Y. Times Book Review
At bookstores now
Harper & Row
1817
INVASIVE PROCEDURES
A year in the world of two surgeons
Mark Kramer
author of Three Farms
© Four by Five

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Glenn's media campaign is John Glenn's campaign.

STATECRAFT AS SPACECRAFT

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

AS AUTUMN turned brisk, Walter Mondale took to accusing his rival, John Glenn, of not being a real Democrat. Glenn responded by accusing Mondale of being the candidate of special interests. To Scott Miller, who is playing a crucial role in shaping Glenn's media strategy, this competition is highly reminiscent of the Pepsi Challenge.

Until recently, Miller was the creative director at McCann-Erickson, the advertising agency, where he handled the Coca-Cola account. More people have seen his work than have seen any single film or television program. "Have a Coke and a smile." That's Miller's slogan. "Coke is it!" That's his, too. To counter Miller's spots, Pepsi-Cola contrived the Pepsi Challenge, a taste test in which consumers were shown preferring Pepsi to Coke. This gave Miller one of his best ideas. It occurred to him that "if everyone's challenging us," if Coke was the standard by which other soft drinks measured themselves, then Coke must be "the real thing." Soon, under Miller's direction, friendly Bill Cosby, speaking for Coke, was on television, challenging the Pepsi Challenge. "People were glad we were fighting back," says Miller. "That's the way I feel about Glenn and Mondale. You demoralize people if you don't fight back. The greatest danger for Glenn is that if he doesn't do it himself, Mondale will describe what he's all about. And if Mondale doesn't take Glenn on, he looks weak. My worry is not Glenn being on the wrong side, but not being strong."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Mondale and Glenn often appear on the same platform to challenge each other, but their campaigns are conducted on wholly different planes. The former Vice President is collecting the endorsements of elected officials and interest groups in the belief that their support will translate into a majority of the convention delegates. Glenn's campaign is asymmetrical to Mondale's. He is attempting to nullify the strength of traditional organization through media. "Glenn does best against the broadest possible electorate," explains Miller. "He's best in a general election, second best in a primary, third best in a caucus, and last among Party activists. He's got to appeal to the most people he can. Mondale is running the ground game, three yards and a cloud of dust. Glenn's got to go to the air. He's got to play the air game."

The nerve center of the "air game" is a Manhattan political consulting firm called DHS, which stands for David H. Sawyer. The firm's clients have ranged from Jane Byrne, the former Chicago mayor, to Shimon Peres, the leader of Israel's Labor Party. DHS is John Glenn's media NASA, launching him into political orbit. And within that complex, Scott Miller, 38 years old, is the creative talent. He and Sawyer have worked together since 1976. "He's a brilliant person," says Sawyer. "He writes all the television spots. Scott's a very good strategic thinker. He has a superb sense of positioning. We work in a very, very close collaboration." Greg Schneiders, Glenn's press secretary, says, "The success or failure of the campaign depends on communicating the message on television. The Sawyer operation is extraordinarily important, a very large piece of the whole. Within that, Scott is one of the most important people. He has a solid sense of politics. For Scott, it's somewhat intuitive. He understands Glenn's style. He has even contributed to the basic stump speech."

On rare occasions an imagemaker and a candidate are ideally matched. Miller's main strength is his "intuitive"

With this issue Sidney Blumenthal, author of *The Permanent Campaign* (Touchstone/Simon & Schuster), becomes the national political correspondent of THE NEW REPUBLIC through the 1984 election.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grasp of American popular culture. And Glenn's main strength—his status as an all-American hero—happens to be cultural as well. Moreover, Miller, like Glenn, was born and raised in small-town Ohio. Miller understands the candidate's sensibility. "I have pretty average tastes," he says. "The middle of the country, for better or worse, is the middle of taste. It helps me in advertising. A lot of commercial imagery is placed in middle America. To have come out of that gives you a certain advantage. You don't have to imagine what it's like. With Glenn, it eliminates the cynicism I might have about his sincerity. He's the kind of people I grew up with."

WHAT MAKES Miller's involvement in the campaign such a potent factor is not just his empathy with the candidate but also his instinctive perception of the great themes implicit in the John Glenn story. The frontier, the future, and the pathfinder—the campaign draws on the same compelling material as the movie version of Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*, fortuitously released as the campaign begins. (See Stanley Kauffmann's review, page 24.) *The Right Stuff* is the basic text. After Wolfe, Scott Miller is the chief interpreter. He provides the commentary, telling us how to think about Glenn after we've left the theater. "The movie is the promo," he says. "It reinforces what everyone knows about Glenn. Our job is to connect it with where he's going." The campaign is the sequel.

The slogans from the movie and the campaign neatly segue into each other. The slogan for the film: "How the future began." The slogan for the campaign: "Believe in the future again." The latter slogan was coined in a closed meeting of Glenn's key strategists on June 22 and 23 at the Hyatt Hotel in Washington. At that retreat, Miller suggested to Glenn, "The slogan should be: He'll make us believe in the future again. John Glenn for President." Glenn replied, "Why not just say, 'Believe in the future again'?" Nobody at the strategy meeting knew what the publicity slogan for *The Right Stuff* would be. The two slogans fit together so well because they're both based on some of the most elemental notions underlying the American experience. It's hardly surprising that in the Glenn campaign the most important place is the frontier and the most important time is the future. That's where Americans have been; it's where we're always going. Believe in the future *again*. John Glenn knows the frontier and the future are realities. Unlike the rest of us, he's actually been there. "The movie is already in the public mind," says Miller. "We've got to link the positive side of Glenn and the political program. We have to try to create some clarity of image. You use symbols to talk about ideas."

The Glenn campaign occurs on the high frontier of symbolism. This doesn't make Glenn a synthetic character—"a celluloid candidate," in the words of New York's Governor, Mario Cuomo. For most Americans, the imagery confirms Glenn's authenticity. Long before men flew in airplanes, let alone rockets, Americans gave credence to the set of symbols Glenn now embodies and projects.

Scott Miller's commercial and political advertising amount to an extended essay on American heroism. Time and again, he has dramatized heroes to sell a product or win an election. The Glenn campaign is the logical culmination of Miller's work, and in order to understand it one must understand his other campaigns. They are vivid in his own mind as he helps produce the Glenn spots.

"You've got to let people know that they're supposed to think about the product," Miller says. It perturbs him that what many advertising executives "let people know" is cynical, an expression of disdain. "It really bothers me that they have contempt for ordinary people," he says. "Why portray a husband and wife who yell at each other or a kid who's stupid? Why not teach people about human relationships and ideals?"

When he took over the Coke account, the "promise of the product had gotten a little high," he says. "It was going to change your life; you were going to play volleyball on the beach with a lot of young Nazis." Soon ads appeared featuring thirsty construction workers. "Have a Coke and a smile." Another Miller spot was like a cheerful version of Hitchcock's *Rear Window*. A camera focused on a Manhattan apartment building. When the camera entered each window it showed each person engaged in a different activity, but all drinking Coke. "Coke," says Miller, "is a little thing you have in common."

HIS MOST memorable spot for Coke starred Mean Joe Green of the Pittsburgh Steelers, a very large, very rough football player. He comes down the tunnel leading from the field to the locker room. He is dirty and sweaty. Clearly, things are not going well out there for the Steelers. A small boy, who just happens to be in the tunnel, offers Mean Joe a Coke. Mean Joe brushes him off with a growl, but the boy insists. Mean Joe drinks it in one gulp. Now he's smiling. The boy, however, is glumly walking away. He doesn't see Mean Joe smiling. "Hey, kid," bellows Mean Joe. And he throws the boy the sweatshirt off his back. "Wow! Thanks, Mean Joe!" "The idea," explains Miller, "was a kid meets his hero and what they have in common is Coke." Mean Joe is an unapproachable hero, and that's part of the message. "The way Mean Joe sold Coke was to sell an idea of what life can be like, what a human exchange can be like. A product ought to have a leadership quality, make you feel good. Mean Joe and the kid was a moment that had over 200 million people in tears. In the most crass way, it could have been an astronaut. Coke is a symbol we have in common. It breaks down barriers. Glenn represents without any question some common ground. We can all agree that this man in America's shining moment was the ideal. That's common ground. Secondly, he belongs to nobody. He can therefore bring people together."

Miller has created other commercials about heroes, including spots for Miller Lite Beer, starring Joe Frazier, "famous heavyweight singer." But Miller did not move from Lite Beer to heavy political campaigning overnight. All along, he was working at DHS in numerous races. He worked for Senators Warren Magnuson and Daniel Pat-

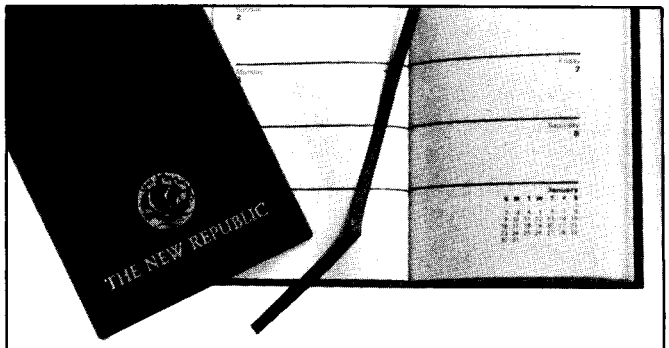
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rick Moynihan; he worked for Governor Bruce Babbitt of Arizona. And, during the Chrysler crisis, when the United Auto Workers had to give up wage gains and benefits, he worked for the union, "putting the retreat in heroic terms," he says. His slogan: "Working hard, working proud." In 1982, he worked on the campaign of the Democratic National Committee. His slogan: "It's not fair. It's Republican."

Perhaps the most polished, effective, and conceptual political campaign he worked on was that of the Mayor of Boston, Kevin White, in 1979. White's pollster asked Bostonians: "Does Kevin White care about people like me?" The favorable response, according to Miller, was "zero." White had already served two terms; he was charismatic, but idiosyncratic and controversial; and the busing crisis which tore apart the city was a fresh wound. "The obvious suggestion," says Miller, "was to show the human side of Kevin White." But that wasn't the strategy adopted. "The question posed wasn't who you like, it's who loves the city," says Miller. "Kevin loves the city, he's going to make it work; he's crazy, but he loves it." The advertising depicted a romantic image of the urban mayor, making urgent telephone calls at 2 A.M. Miller's slogan: "The Mayor." His other slogan: "The loner in love with the city." White was reelected—proving, among other things, that by playing from existing strengths a tough battle could be won. "It bears on the Presidential campaign," Miller contends. "People don't have to love John Glenn. There are symbols in a political campaign. We can say this guy can set an example. This guy can be our face to the world as he was in 1962. He can be America. You don't have to love him. Just understand him and admit that this is the kind of leadership we've got to have. Strength of character is what people are looking for in a leader."

"John Glenn is our Eisenhower," the Speaker of the House has said. Besides the startling physical resemblance, Glenn, like Ike, is a military hero, seemingly above partisanship, who promises national unity. But there the similarity ends. The heroisms are dissimilar; the astronaut is not the general. Glenn was a pilot, a "single-combat warrior," in Tom Wolfe's phrase. Eisenhower, on the other hand, won power long before he was President at least partly because of his skillful manipulation of a Byzantine official bureaucracy. He commanded the largest American army in history; he led the invasion of Europe. Millions of Americans had a direct relationship with Eisenhower (*Yes, sir!*). When he was elected President, his enormous accomplishments reassured voters that he would deal confidently and prudently with the cold war. For John Glenn to be Dwight Eisenhower he would have had to have organized and executed the space program, not just have participated in it.

Glenn's strategists, in fact, do not see the candidate in the Eisenhower mold. The contrast between the two points to the central problem of the campaign: How can a hero be a leader? He says it all. Glenn's deed compels our admiration, but we stand at a distance from him as spectators on the curb. "Glenn is not standoffish with people.



Announcing The New Republic 1984 Pocket Diary

For the past few years, we have been giving pocket diaries, embossed in gold with The New Republic name and logo, to our writers and editors and special friends in the media. The diaries have been so popular that, for 1984, we have decided to make them available to our subscribers at a low cost, only $7.95 each.

The diaries are made by Letts of London, whose diaries were favored by Charles Dickens and George Bernard Shaw. Each diary includes weekly calendars with space to write down daily appointments, plus a wine vintage chart, a list of important toll-free telephone numbers, a list of world holidays, metric equivalents, a calorie counter, fifteen blank pages for notes, telephone numbers, and addresses, and more.

The pages are edged in gilt and carry a silken page marker. The diary itself is dark blue with featherweight light-blue pages.

It's elegant and easy to use. The cost to nonsubscribers is $9.95, but we're offering it to subscribers for just $7.95, *including* postage.

Available to Our Subscribers, for a Limited Time

YES, Send me the New Republic pocket diary immediately (Please allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery).

☐ I am a subscriber, $7.95

☐ I am *not* a subscriber, $9.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Write to: Pocket Diary, The New Republic
1220 19th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036

Check or Money-Order must accompany each order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People are standoffish with him," says Joseph Grandmaison, chief of field organization. "There's an aura about him. Mondale, however, is eminently approachable." How can the voters establish a relationship with their hero so that he becomes their leader?

Glenn's media advisers have decided not to work against the obvious themes in his story, but to work with them. Glenn will be presented as the pathfinder who can lead us into the future—statecraft as spacecraft. "His relationship to the masses is the same as the pilot to the passengers," says Miller. "They say: 'Take the controls, we'll go with you.' As President he would say: 'I'm going to set an example of courage and discipline. I'm going to set an objective. I'm going to tell you what to do. But, most important, I'm going to do it.' Glenn will set an example. It's clearly a different kind of leadership. People want to follow, to believe in him, to have him set a direction. That's his image. That image in itself can be leadership if he sets a path."

THE GLENN campaign will highlight the theme of the future in three ways. First, it will project the candidate as the pilot of the ship of state. Second, it will stress his association with President John F. Kennedy. And third, it will publicize his specific policies to demonstrate how he will get us from here to there. These notions are not purely the products of cogitation by Glenn's strategists. They also have emerged from the extensive survey research conducted by the campaign's pollster, William Hamilton, and from the discussions of "focus groups" of representative voters conducted by a social psychologist, Ned Kennan.

The polling data, according to Scott Miller, shows that "people are hopeful about the new technologies, but they're fearful. The captain speaks to you in a calm tone. The pilot image is consistent with the computer age. It's consistent with an age of new technologies, of electronic media, rather than speaking in union halls. If you lay out Mondale and Glenn, Mondale does represent the past in a certain way. In that equation, people want to believe Glenn can lead them into the future."

The survey research shows something else. "The identification the press makes with Glenn is Eisenhower," says Miller. The identification the public makes with Glenn is Kennedy. They identify him with a sense they had about the country, when the country really believed in itself. John F. Kennedy theoretically said to Glenn, 'We've got to get off the mark, and we need a giant symbol.' Glenn was willing to sit on a booster rocket and show the way." Glenn was the living symbol of the New Frontier. And wasn't space the reality of the New Frontier? "When people think about Kennedy they think about how they felt about America at the time," says Miller. Aligning himself with Kennedy is a way for Glenn to cast the still-luminous past upon the future. We're going back toward the glowing light in order to go forward. The future becomes familiar territory.

The campaign's private polls have discovered that Kennedy is a door into the future in another way. Voters have been asked: "Which President would be most appropriate to deal with the problems of today?" Kennedy wins nearly 40 percent of the vote. The next nearest President is Eisenhower, who comes in at 8 percent. Kennedy, therefore, is a much better running mate than Ike.

But what has Kennedy's pilot friend been doing all these years? By offering detailed programs, Glenn's handlers hope to prove, according to Miller, that "he's been getting the background to be President. If he gets something intelligent on track, people will say, 'Ah, that's what he's been doing for twenty years.' You can't say future, future, future. Glenn's character to lead has to be program-specific."

On the night of October 15, all the images and themes were packaged in a five-minute advertisement, broadcast nationally on CBS. It starkly positions Glenn, on his own terms, against Mondale. The word "Democrat" is not mentioned once. The spot opens with these printed words on the screen, read by a narrator: "At a time when most politicians are caught up in the policies of the past or the issue of the moment . . . only one man is talking about the future." Glenn appears, talking about "a whole new time period" we're entering, and the need to "set goals and go for it." He quickly discusses computers and education. He's courageous, too, as he tells a group of hard hats that he's against protectionism. "He doesn't play to the special interests, he doesn't play the old political game," says the narrator. Now Glenn is talking about how he had to write letters to the wives and mothers of his friends who were killed in combat. "It sears your soul." He's for peace. Finally comes the image we've been anxiously awaiting. Blastoff! "*Godspeed, John Glenn.*" "They call him one of the true American heroes," intones the narrator. "He represented America in one of its finest hours, fulfilling the pledge of a young President. . . ." Enter J.F.K., followed by Glenn. This sequence is in black-and-white, dreamlike, a projection of our yearning, our wish-fulfillment. Then: "Believe in the future again."

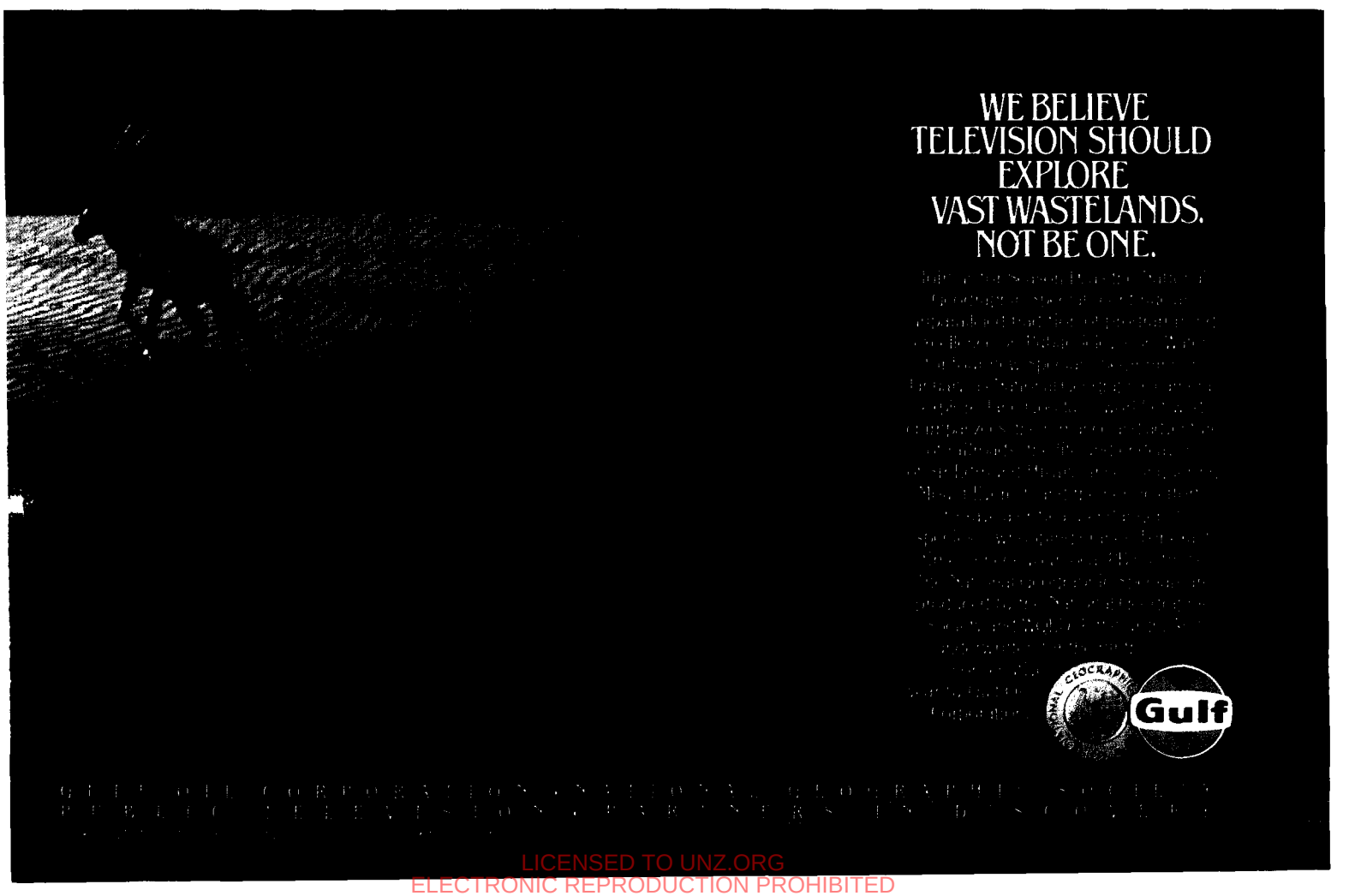
As adroitly constructed as the imagemaker's version of the Glenn campaign may be, one must concede it would not resonate so powerfully if it were not playing off *The Right Stuff*. We haven't had a shared experience with Glenn for more than twenty years. In order to "believe in the future again," we must remember "how the future began." Because the film is so faithful to the book, Tom Wolfe has provided the essential framework for the campaign. He has understood the themes coursing through the Glenn story more explicitly and profoundly than anyone else. He has, after all, received his doctorate in American Studies from Yale. The American Studies treatment of the story is the most penetrating, and it has immediate political importance.

The line to John Glenn in mythology begins in the primeval American wilderness. The line to John Glenn in the movie begins with a man on horseback, Chuck Yeager, the early test pilot, Leatherstocking redux. *The Right Stuff* is another Leatherstocking tale, after James Fenimore Cooper, of isolated, stoic heroes on the frontier, or, as the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fraternity of pilots puts it, "pushing the outside of the envelope." Leatherstocking forsakes the town for the forest, polite society for a band of Indians and trappers who live by natural law, not "legal law." No matter what Leatherstocking must do in blazing trails, his integrity is inviolate; he continually plunges ahead toward Eden, moving back to innocence. Like Leatherstocking, the astronaut lives among a band of brothers, but not really in society. He abides by a code of natural law which determines whether or not he has "the right stuff." The most significant things he does are done alone. In order to succeed he must keep politicians, bureaucrats, and scientists—encroaching civilization—at bay. He is an uncompromising figure. The blackness of space seems to demand his white purity.

Chuck Yeager, the first man to break the sound barrier, personifies "the right stuff." All the astronauts seek to emulate his manner and live according to the code; they express themselves through action. Glenn alone among them expresses himself through speech. Unlike Leatherstocking, Glenn can be both a pathfinder and live in society. Compared to a professional politician he might sound flat and laconic, but to his fellow astronauts he was initially suspect because he was considered loquacious. When he jabbers about the flag at a NASA press conference, the other astronauts roll their eyes. But Glenn, it turns out, has a worthy motive for talking. His wife stutters badly; she's a virtual mute. Glenn is giving voice to the voiceless. When Lyndon Johnson demands to be let into the Glenn house with a battalion of television cameras in tow, terrifying Annie Glenn, John bucks not just the NASA bureaucracy but L.B.J. himself and tells his wife to keep the door sealed. His fierceness is in the service of his tenderness. It is the ultimate confrontation between the Brotherhood and society. All the politicians in *The Right Stuff* are depicted as creeps, with the exception of Kennedy, who appears in the film only in a newsreel clip. This sequence is in black-and-white, an imposition of reality that is somehow dreamlike. L.B.J., the professional politician, is Glenn's greatest rival outside of the brethren. (Symbolically, L.B.J. is the stand-in for Walter Mondale, whose patron was Hubert Humphrey, whose patron was Lyndon Johnson—all three of them Senators who become Vice President.) In defending his wife, Glenn holds off intrusive officialdom. He keeps the home and the fraternity sacrosanct. He is not only accepted by the Brotherhood, but tacitly acknowledged as their public face; he can speak for them, too. His speech doesn't detract from his coolness—it's just him. Appropriately, Glenn's space shot is the most wildly celebrated by the public. He can exist in both worlds. He doesn't suffer the fate of Leatherstocking, who can only live in the anarchic forest (or the wild blue yonder), beyond society. Leatherstocking constantly presses on into the wilderness. Even after the astronauts have flown, Yeager tries once again to reach the transcendental frontier. Leatherstocking is incorrigibly restless. He wants to



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

move from the Old World to the New, from age to youth, from the past to the future. Back in society, Glenn gives these ancient themes a political spin; he remains true to the code, but doesn't become an anachronism. His campaign themes are a restatement of some of the most enduring notions in our culture. They are at the heart of many American dreams. It is, after all, the incumbent President's dream that we have a "New Beginning," that we return to our roots to restore our power. At the edge of the myth, John Glenn encounters Ronald Reagan.

A CONTEST between Glenn and Reagan would pit myth against myth. In the American Studies version, this would be a race between a James Fenimore Cooper hero and a Horatio Alger hero. Reagan presents himself as the self-made man. He tells us that he's just like us and that through the free market we can succeed as he has. For decades, Reagan has been surrounded by image-makers in Hollywood and in politics. But ultimately he has been his own mythmaker: the self-made man invents himself. In Hollywood, Reagan never made the transition from person to persona. He was a player in other people's dreams. He was known as the "Errol Flynn of the Bs"; there was no "Reagan type." Jack Warner, asked what he thought of Ronald Reagan for governor, is reputed to have said: "Jimmy Stewart for governor, Reagan for best friend." Stewart was a superstar, an archetype. Moreover, he had been a U.S. Senator in two movies—*Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence*. Warner understood Reagan only in the context of movie-making, where a "best friend" couldn't be a brilliant leading man. A "best friend" in politics was altogether another matter. Reagan's failure to rise high in the Hollywood firmament has been critical to his political stardom. If he had been a superstar, his celebrity would have been blinding; we wouldn't be able to see his ideology. Reagan, however, is ordinary enough to make his message sound trustworthy. He achieves his real stardom by bringing Reaganism to us, by asking us to go back with him to where dreams began in the free market. Reaganism was the star vehicle Reagan had been waiting for all his life, the ultimate treatment of conservatism. Great acting that electrifies audiences is born of conviction. And while Reagan exalts the individual he stands at the head of a mass movement.

Glenn has no mass movement. Yet his myth is a powerful weapon against Reagan's. Reagan met the stars on Sunset Boulevard. John Glenn rocketed to the stars, where no American had been before. He is the American none of us can be. There was nothing incomplete about his mission, his celebrity, before he entered politics. While Reagan was making movies, Glenn was doing things people make movies about. That is why Glenn, alone among the Democratic candidates, can raise the "actor issue." "I wasn't doing 'Hellcats of the Navy' on a movie lot," Glenn said at the candidates' forum in New York, referring to the Ronald Reagan-Nancy Davis vehicle. Scott Miller says, "I'm convinced that Glenn thinks Reagan is a complete wimp." Glenn did not need us to become a star. His actual individualism makes Reagan's rhetorical version seem pale. But which has more political power? And can Glenn bring himself to say that he needs us?

The astronaut is not Everyman. But Glenn's media advisers are trying hard to make him an approachable hero. In a thirty-minute spot shown in late October only in Iowa, Glenn appears informally before about thirty ordinary Iowans sitting on folding chairs. There's no podium separating the candidate from the people. He responds to their spontaneous questions; it's not prepackaged. (That's the packaging.) Glenn gives some long detailed answers, a three-point plan to reduce the federal deficit, for example. He's a little rough around the edges. In the middle of the spot, someone asks Annie Glenn a question: What kind of a President would her husband make? She wonders aloud if she should stand in front of the group alongside her husband. He urges her to come forward. She speaks with great deliberation; she still has a faint stutter. She tells us the intimate John Glenn story he's too modest and too proud to tell about himself. She talks about how his war experiences make him devoted to peace. "He has not had to watch late-night TV. He knows how horrible it is." She tells how deeply he cares about the poor, too. After speaking for about five minutes she sits down to applause. Glenn pauses. "Not for the cameras here," he says. But the cameras keep filming. "You don't know what this means for Annie to get up and give a speech like that." But we do; we remember the scene from the movie. Now Glenn gently explains to the neighborly Iowans that she has conquered her handicap. "That's sort of an aside from the program," he says. He takes the next question. But the "aside" is not peripheral. The love story subplot makes Glenn approachable.

His media strategists have been careful not to embellish his natural, unaffected style, which some feel may be terminally dull. "He's not flamboyant," says David Sawyer. "He gives a sense of straightness, directness, strength, integrity. Anytime you try to cloud those characteristics it's a mistake." To embellish "the right stuff" would be to undermine the iconography.

But will "the right stuff" fly in Presidential politics? The fact that the myth fits the man doesn't mean he must be President. In the end, Glenn will still have to court constituency groups. He will have to debate Walter Mondale. He will have to prove that the activity and interest generated by the movie and the advertising can be effectively marshaled by his organizational apparatus. He will have to demonstrate that media translates into delegates. Only if he can meet these tests, and if he has not been left behind, can he face Ronald Reagan.

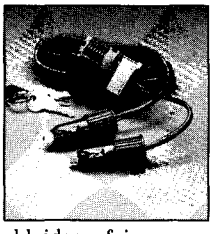
In the darkness of the Family Theater in the East Wing of the White House, the President of the United States is participating in the great national experience of viewing *The Right Stuff*. "Imagine," says Scott Miller, "Ronald Reagan is sitting there watching someone playing John Glenn. The thought has got to flash through his mind: What a great part! It puts *Kings Row* to shame."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOOLS FOR LIVING®

A COLLECTION OF FIRST CLASS CONTEMPORARY MAILORDER PRODUCTS

Tools for Living is a national mail order company offering new and unusual products to more than 30 million readers each month. People are attracted by the reliability of our information, the value of the products and the ease and convenience of shopping with us by mail — with satisfaction guaranteed.

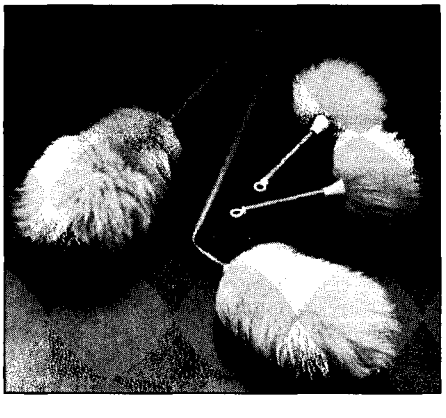


EASY CHARGE

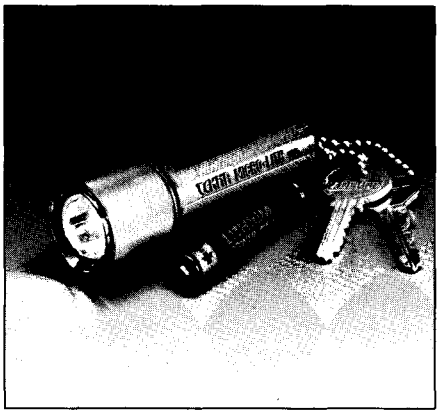
How would you like to recharge your car battery without ever opening the hood? Sound impossible? It's not, thanks to the Easy Charge, which takes the old idea of jumper cables and refines it to a new level of ease, convenience and safety. With traditional jumper cables you have to maneuver a second car fender-to-fender with the disabled car, open both hoods, and attach leads from battery to battery. The Easy Charge simplifies this process brilliantly by substituting connection from cigarette lighter to cigarette lighter. You just plug one end of the Easy Charge into the lighter of a running car, pass the 16′ cord through both car windows and insert the other end in the lighter of the disabled car. After a few minutes' wait the battery is recharged sufficiently to restart the car. The Easy Charge is small enough to fit in the glove compartment. **$20.00** ($2.95) #A629. Two for **$37.00** ($3.95) #A6292.

DUST-MAGNETS™

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways,* we will certainly include a chapter on lambswool dusters. On its own lambswool actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the wool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making these dusters just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Recently we were introduced to two exciting new versions of our old time favorite, the mini-duster and the bent-handled duster. The standard 27″ long duster costs **$7.00** ($1.95) #A780; the bent-handled model is **$8.00** ($1.95) #A781; two mini-dusters cost **$8.00** ($1.95) #A794. We can send you the entire group, a total of four dusters, for just **$16.00** ($2.95) #A783.



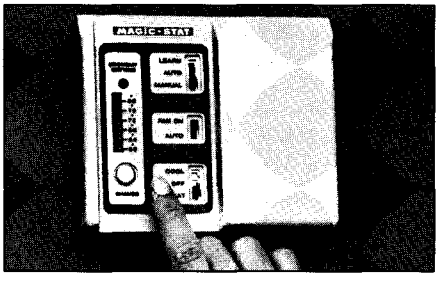
MICROLIGHT



What better place to have your keys than on the end of a powerful, yet miniature flashlight? At night you'll quickly find keyholes, lightswitches, dropped items or something in the bottom of a handbag. Take it hiking or camping. Put it on your nightstand. Leave it in your glove compartment for mapreading or highway emergencies. This is an amazing flashlight that you can count on to work now — or ten years from now! The secret is the new lithium battery that has an incredible shelf life of *10 years.* The Micro-Lith is only 4″ long and weighs just 1½ oz., but throws out as much light as a 2 cell C or D battery flashlight. It operates by a quarter-turn of the head and comes in a virtually indestructible ABS plastic case. Battery included, the Micro-Lith costs **$20.00** ($2.95) #A739. Two for **$37.00** ($3.95) #A7392. Battery run time is 3-4 hours continuous operation. The lithium battery can be replaced in kind or 2 alkaline N-cells can be substituted.

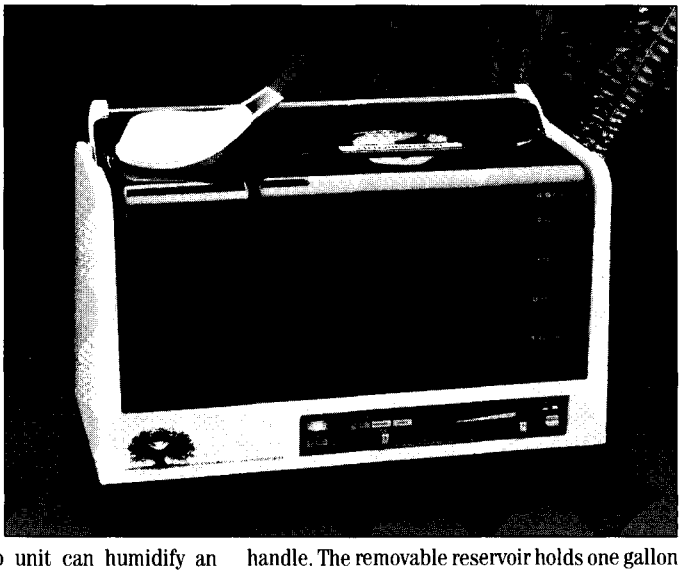
THINKING MAN'S THERMOSTAT

The basic method for reducing home heating costs is setback — turning down the thermostat at night and whenever you are out of the house for a few hours. The thinking man's thermostat — with a built-in microprocessor unit — lets you program the temperature you want and the time you want it, so the house is warm when you step out of bed. As for the "thinking," the unit senses the rate of heat loss for the house, so it turns on the furnace earlier on very cold mornings, later on warmer mornings.



The program can accommodate 6 different temperature settings each day through a cycle of 7 days, so it is no problem to set up different schedules for workdays and weekends. Programming is simple — accomplished with a single button — but provides all the flexibility you need to tailor home heating/cooling to your particular schedule and lifestyle. Best of all, you can install it yourself in place of your present thermostat in about 10 minutes. No wiring to the furnace, just fasten existing thermostat wires to a color-coded connector panel. The thermostat works just as effectively with central air conditioning. **$79.00** ($3.95) #A855.

ULTRA-HUMIDIFIER



Here is a new approach to humidifying that is so revolutionary and inventive that it makes all other home humidifers obsolete. It's the ultra-sonic humidifier. We discovered it last fall in Japan and during home use last winter found its performance to be truly outstanding. It uses extremely high frequency sound waves to break up water into a fine mist that carries and diffuses exceptionally well. One tabletop unit can humidify an entire 1500 sq. ft. apartment or house. It is also ultra-safe — the vapor stream is cold (even though it looks like hot steam) so it is impossible to get a burn. It is ultra-quiet — virtually noiseless, unlike conventional humidifiers. It is ultra-portable — measures only 14″ x 6″ x 9″, weighs under 12 lbs. and has a convenient carry handle. The removable reservoir holds one gallon of water, refillable at any sink and runs for 10-12 hours on a filling. This humidifier by Bionaire has a humidstat control (low, medium or high) and shuts off automatically when it reaches the desired humidity level. Emitting nozzle swivels 360° and the unit shuts off automatically when empty or tipped over. **$149.00** ($10.95) #A888.

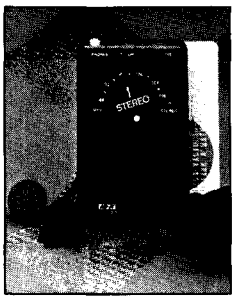
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOOLS FOR LIVING®

VERMONT CHEDDAR

It takes 100 lbs. of whole milk to make 10 lbs. of cheddar cheese. But a great cheddar requires special milk characteristics. First, the farmer must produce high-protein milk. Second, to give the cheese proper character, the cows must be fed on fresh grass, hay and corn. Third, the milk must be of such quality it can be used in an unpasteurized state. The best cheddar we've tasted comes from a 50-year-old Vermont cooperative of 525 farms where all these special milk qualities are present. Now we've arranged to make their exceptional cheese available *direct from the creamery to you* through *Tools for Living.* This is the classic smooth natural white cheddar, no coloring added. Where supermarket cheeses are seldom aged more than 5 months, these are aged 8-12 months (for sharp) and 14-24 months (for extra sharp). The cheese is available in 3 or 12-lb. bricks, or 38 lb. wheels, each encased in wax and store indefinitely under refrigeration. The 38-lb. cheese comes in a handmade wooden box. The 3-lb. size costs **$17.00** ($2.95) #A762 for sharp or **$18.00** ($2.95) #A763 for extra sharp. The 12-lb. cheddar costs **$55.00** ($8.95) #A610 for sharp or **$58.00** ($8.95) #A611 for extra sharp. The 38-lb. boxed wheel is **$160.00** ($14.95) #A612 for sharp or **$170.00** ($14.95) #A613 for extra sharp.

MICRO SOUND SYSTEM

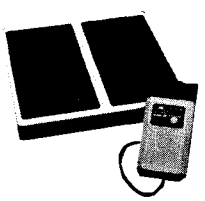


The latest micro-electronic audio wonders we've seen are the shirtpocket FM tuner, shown left, and the mini-speakers, below. Together they give you a portable full-service miniature audio package. The shirtpocket stereo, the size of a credit card, performs like a tuner many times its size, weighs just 3 oz., earphones included, and is ½" thick. The specs tell the story: Full band width frequency range 88-108 MHz. State-of-the-art circuitry with samarium-cobalt magnet. Padded microearphones with 46" cord. LED stereo indicator. The shirtpocket stereo comes in a suedecloth drawstring pouch and operates on 2 AAA batteries (not included). It costs just **$27.00** ($2.95) #A755. The MI-FI MFS-6300 mini-loudspeakers can be hooked up directly to the shirtpocket stereo (or any standard walkaround stereo or cassette player) and will deliver exceptional sound anywhere without headphones! They plug into any 120V AC receptacle. Each speaker has a built-in 3½ watt microchip amplifier that produces a staggering amount of true amplified sound from a remarkably small source. We offer the MFS-6300 mini-speakers for **$69.00** ($5.95) #A555 a pair.

SUPER SHOVEL

Rare indeed is the toy that captivates child and adult alike. But this marvelously mobile excavating shovel bridges the gap. Adults admire its craftmanship and beauty, its ingenious design and easy operation, its potential to develop a child's concentration, coordination and dexterity. Kids respond more viscerally — they just plain love it! The shovel works indoors or out, moving building blocks and toy cars, or sand and gravel. It digs, scoops, lifts, turns, swivels a full 360°, the double lever action allows a great range of movement with precise control, and the shovel dumps at the pull of a chain. We've seen children as young as four and as old as 12 delight in it for hours on end. This is a real work/play tool that can move significant amounts of material, and kids respond wonderfully to that seriousness of purpose. This excavating shovel was designed by a Seattle architect whose avocation is making toys that combine old-fashioned quality, safety and sturdiness with the best modern child development knowledge. The durable construction (solid oak and all galvanized metal to prevent rust) promises hand-me-down use not only from child to child but generation to generation. No grandparent could find a more appreciated gift for grandchildren of either sex. The super shovel costs **$99.00** ($11.95) #A863.

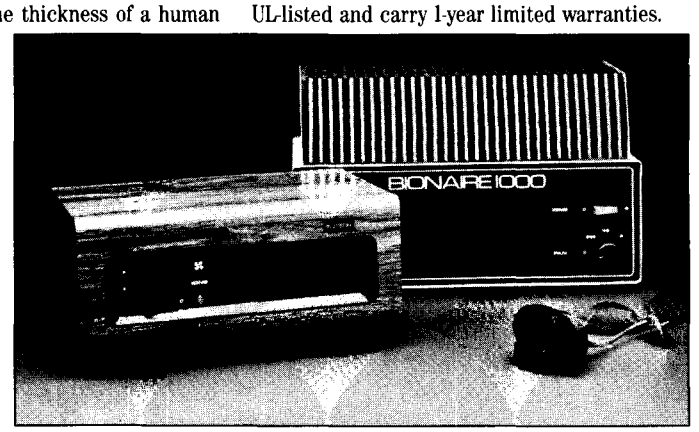
UP-SCALE



The newer electronic bathroom scales use a strain gauge to measure weight, converting the force into a digital readout. This method of measurement is more sensitive, more accurate and the scale lasts longer than conventional spring scales. This scale by Novus is the electronic type, but updated with a helpful innovation. The readout unit is remote, connected to the platform with a 6' cord (wallmount bracket included). Instead of peering down between your knees, the information is up at eye level. You can get your weight in pounds or kilograms and a zeroing-out feature allows you to hold a pet or infant in your arms and read its weight directly. It is accurate from 4-296 lbs and costs **$65.00** ($4.95) #A867. 9-volt battery not included.

FRESH AIR MACHINES

Air pollution doesn't politely stop at the front door — it follows you right inside where it can be a real problem. The Bionaire 500 is like moving a mountain breeze indoors. It removes 99% of all particulate pollutants from the air — goodbye to soot, dust, animal dander, pollen, cigarette smoke, smog, molds and fungi. The newly developed electret filter removes particles as small as 1/10,000 the thickness of a human hair. The Bionaire 500 cleans 45 cubic feet of air a minute, the average room three times an hour. It includes a switchable ion generator — negative ions are well-known for their presumed psychological good effects, creating a sense of well-being. A switchable fragrance dispenser allows you to add a fresh scent to the air when you wish. The Bionaire 500 measures 11" x 7" x 5", uses only 45 watts energy, comes in a smoothly styled hard plastic case with woodgrain finish. The Bionaire 500 costs **$125.00** ($9.95) #A822. A larger model 1000 has three speeds instead of two and cleans 118 CFM of air. This unit measures 14" x 8" x 8½" with a lifetime steel housing. The Bionaire 1000 costs **$275.00** ($12.95) #A823. Both models are UL-listed and carry 1-year limited warranties.

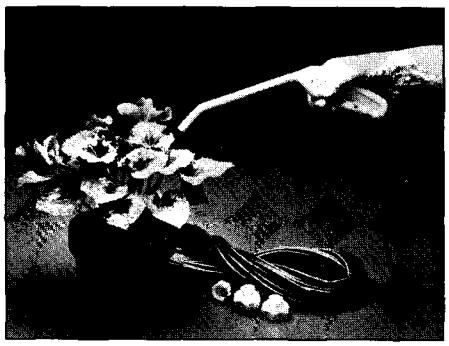


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOOLS FOR LIVING®

ONE INCREDIBLE CLEANER

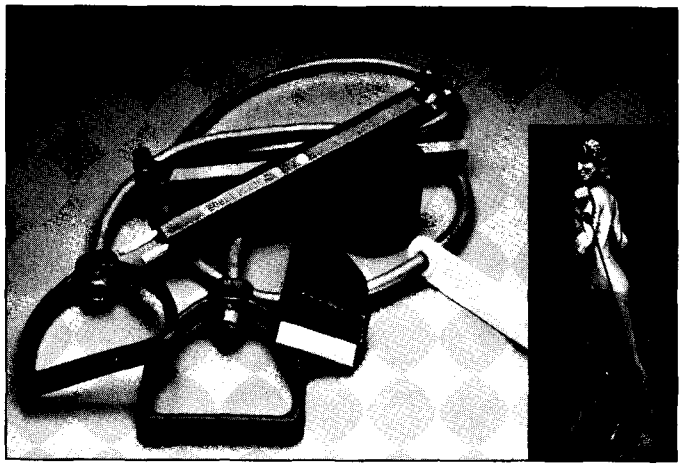
Simple Green is so varied that it replaces about $85 worth of specialized cleaners. Simple Green is an oven cleaner. Bathroom cleaner. Window cleaner. Floor cleaner. Stain remover. Laundry pre-soak. Upholstery cleaner. Engine cleaner. Simple Green is non-abrasive, non-caustic, low-phosphate and biodegradable. It has no bleach, ammonia or petroleum. It is approved by U.S.D.A. It was originally invented to remove stains from coffeeroasting equipment. Simple Green worked so well it was soon being used generally in the restaurant industry. Then in car washes. Then hospitals and airlines. Technically, Simple Green is a blend of synthetic penetrants that emulsify and suspend oil for cold-water rinse. It can be used on anything you use cold water on. No scrubbing required. We can send two 16 oz. spray bottles of Simple Green for **$9.00** ($2.95) #A698; two 16 oz. bottles plus a natural ocean sponge for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A828 or one gallon plus an ocean sponge for **$21.00** ($3.95) #A827.



WATERING WHIZ

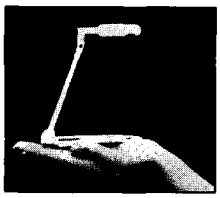
Now you can water all your plants in a single trip with this handy indoor garden hose. This 50′ vinyl hose comes with a set of four adaptors that readily attach to most indoor and outdoor faucets. From there you just take the water where you want it — an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. There's a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage. The kit costs **$11.00** ($1.95) #A681. Two for **$19.00** ($2.95) #A6812.

PUMPING RUBBER



The Lifeline Gym may well revolutionize the exercise business. It allows you to simulate just about any of the exercises done on the expensive machines found in health spas and gymnasiums. The reason is rubber — a stretchable rubber cable of the type used to stop planes landing on aircraft carriers. With this rubber cable, resistance increases with movement. This compensates for normal inertia and leverage gains, so your muscles are challenged through their full range of movement. But the rubber is more effective yet. Because you have to resist its tendency to snap back on the return move, you gain a double benefit from your effort. You overcome positive *and* negative resistance in the course of each exercise. The Lifeline Gym is adjustable for individual strength levels and for different body-shaping intentions. It comes with its own carrying case and illustrated instruction/exercise book for **$36.00** ($3.95) #A748.

BOOKLIGHT



Here's a new tool that will brighten the life of any book-reader. It is a light that clips right on the book or magazine you are reading, flooding the open pages with a cool strong light ideal for reading. The light weighs just a bit over 2 oz. and is attentively crafted with two swivel joints and a special distortion-free lead crystal optical bulb. The Booklight comes with a battery pack (batteries not included), AC adapter, 8′ cord and spare bulb all neatly packaged in a box that looks like a book. **$29.00** ($3.95) #A685.

GIFT CERTIFICATES

Give the gift that's always appreciated — a *Tools for Living* gift certificate! These handsomely embossed certificates are accompanied by a one year subscription to the *Tools for Living* catalog. The catalogs are filled with over 200 diverse, carefully selected products. Prices range from $10 to $1000 and each item is backed by our 30 day 100% satisfaction guarantee. As a bonus we'll enclose your own personalized card, simply send it with your order. Gift certificates are available in denominations of $25, $50 and $100. Order item #A906.

DANISH BOOKBAG

This oversize bag is an overwhelming success with photographers, artists, students, musicians, dancers, opera singers, nuns, poets, duck hunters, cyclists, plumbers, teachers, reporters and travelers... because it's a veritable labyrinth of roomy pockets. Made of waterproof canvas that wears like iron, the bookbag has an unusual zipper design that enables the bag to expand to double its normal width — to a full 8 inches. It also has two outer pockets in front and a large back pocket. An adjustable 2″ wide strap makes the burden easier. Choose grey #A483, brown #A484, blue #A569, black #A564 or red #A568. **$59.00** ($3.95).

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: *We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The price of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in ( ). Be sure to add the item price* ***plus*** *shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the* ***total price*** *of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.*

TOOLS FOR LIVING

FOR FASTEST SERVICE ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS PHONE OUR 24-HOUR TOLL-FREE NUMBER:

DEPT. NRL03; 400 S. DEAN ST.; ENGLEWOOD, NJ 07631

800-228-5505. In Nebraska call 800-624-9900.

SEND TO (PLEASE PRINT)	ITEM NO.	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION/COLOR	ITEM PRICE	SHPG. & HNDLG.	TOTAL PRICE
ADDRESS						
CITY STATE ZIP						
ENCLOSED IS A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR $ PAYABLE TO **TOOLS FOR LIVING.**						
☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ AM. EXPRESS EXP. DATE						
ACCOUNT #			ENCLOSED IS $1.00 FOR YOUR NEW **TOOLS FOR LIVING** CATALOG.			
SIGNATURE					**TOTAL AMOUNT**	

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order.

© ISP, Inc.

ADVERTISEMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

True to Life, True to Film

The Right Stuff is disconcerting. It tells the juxtaposed stories of one man and of seven men, an Air Force test pilot and the Mercury astronauts, and experts assure us that, on the whole, it tells those stories accurately. But the

The Right Stuff
(Ladd/Warner Bros.)

effect of the film is odd. Not completely unpredictable to anyone who has read Tom Wolfe's book and certainly not completely unintended by the director and screenwriter, Philip Kaufman. Nonetheless odd.

Since I am one of the (apparently) few who are sickened by Wolfe's prose—all those *Saturday Evening Post* conventions supposedly disguised with smart-ass veneer—the film has the immediate advantage for me of freeing the facts from his book. This liberation soon brings about a paradox, but Kaufman makes the most of his cinematic chances to drive home viscerally the experiences of those eight men and their wives. Kaufman previously made, among other pictures, *The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid*, a Western, and *Invasion of the Body-Snatchers*, science fiction, both of which heartily subscribed—oversubscribed—to their genres. *The Right Stuff* may have appealed to him because, although it is factual, it allowed him to plunge right into *a kind of film*. History itself would let him revel in a genre. But he could also comment on that genre. The facts in Wolfe's book licensed this double view, and the film medium extended that license even further.

That double attraction may have drawn Kaufman to make this picture, but it disturbed Kauffmann in the viewing of it. Trouble with film self-consciousness began right away. The picture opens in black and white on an old-size screen, a signal that the change to Panavision and Technicolor is going to make a point, also a signal that Kaufman is referring to our filmgoing experience. (In that opening sequence, an Air Force plane tries to break the sound barrier but crashes. With the crash come width and color.) The point—the moment of transition to a new age—is made with a corny device but at least it's Kaufman's corn. The corn that follows, most of it, is not his doing: it's fact, and he is only chronicling it. Scene after factual scene of *The Right Stuff*, in both the test pilot and the astronaut stories, is familiar from Hollywood epics about airmen, a line that, for me, goes back to *Wings* in 1927. It's one thing to smile familiarly at another fictional guts-and-glory air epic, to feel excited and also a bit embarrassed by the excitement of another picture in the *Wings* line. It's quite different, very uncomfortable, to feel those reactions to a factual film about the exploits of brave men, some of whom were killed. And the awareness of the similarity between film-fiction and fact, both in Kaufman and in most of the very men involved in the story, only makes it worse.

More is entailed here than the worn Oscar Wilde observation that life keeps imitating art. Yes, in *The Right Stuff* life is imitating art, but here it's popular art, which itself was imitating life: it derived (derives) from popular ideals and codes in the world around it. Wilde's comment suggests that one force constantly pursues another. This film suggests a circular movement, one force constantly flowing into the other. It gave me a bit of a whirling sensation to see events of recent history fitting so neatly into a film genre and to know that this was happening, not because the facts had been substantively accommodated to the form but because that had *not* been done.

The circular movement is heightened by the film's recurrent awareness of it. When the seven astronauts are introduced at their first press conference, they quickly perceive that in addition to being space pioneers, they are also instruments of hype; and, led by John Glenn, they rise to the windy occasion, soberly spouting the All-American sentiments that are expected of them. Similar scenes follow. Yet most of the time these men *don't* recognize that (allowing for new technical apparatus) they are living in an old movie. How does their self-awareness switch on and off?

The same question applies to their wives. Surely those women must have known the waiting-wives sequences in test-pilot and military aviation pictures. I needn't underscore, I hope, that I'm not mocking real courage, real anguish, real losses. The reality is exactly my point. These fliers and their wives live their lives in film syntax, although they occasionally step outside it. One wife says of a bunch of frantic reporters: "You'd think they were writing about sports." Her sense—of serious, courageous action being transmuted into popular entertainment—is cognate to what I feel about the film she was *living* in.

The climax of this circular movement comes near the end when Lyndon Johnson gives a tremendous Texan bash to honor the triumphant astronauts. As a special treat, he brings out Sally Rand, the fan dancer, to entertain the seven men, their wives, and the hundreds of other guests. Kaufman picks up the reactions of the seven men: their pre-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Danton. French history reworked a bit transparently to fit Poland today, but it's Wajda's best-directed film, and Gerard Depardieu is overpowering in the lead.

The Grey Fox. As charming and strong as its hero. A former stagecoach bandit, released from prison in 1901 after thirty-three years, becomes a gallant train robber.

Passion. Godard's newest anarchic venture, more comic than usual. Nominally about the making of a TV film but really about further exploration of the film form.

The Return of Martin Guerre. Depardieu again, differently excellent, in a sixteenth-century true story about a marital dilemma. First-class historical re-creation.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tended aloof amusement, their forced smiles, but, above all, the implied realization that their achievements were thought apt for celebration by a high-class stripper. The scene seems to certify their awareness of hype at that first press conference: show biz, one way or another, is both rewarding and engulfing them.

I haven't sketched the stories of the test pilot and of the astronauts; readers are sufficiently familiar with them. As for the making of this three-hours-plus film, I'll note only that the air sequences are vivid and the whole job competent. Advance curiosity has focused on the question of whether the picture will boost Glenn's chances for the Presidential nomination. Given an electoral process that favors personalities over issues and abilities, it's hard to see how Glenn can be hurt by this picture. He was central among the astronauts, so he's central here. (The only recourse to balance matters would be for Mondale to fly to the moon or for another astronaut to enter the Presidential race.) For myself, what would sway me toward Glenn at least as much as his exploits is his relationship with his wife. Mrs. Glenn suffers from a speech impediment—she is affectingly played by Mary Jo Deschanel, wife of the film's cinematographer—and Glenn's scenes with her are warm, full of long-term, humorous understanding.

GLENN is played by Ed Harris and quite well, too, though (begging the Senator's pardon) it's not a difficult part. As written, Glenn is the straightest in a group of men who seem to have been characterized in life by a scriptwriter. There's an interesting coincidence in Harris's appearance here. In May of this year he gave a very different sort of performance—violent, sweaty, passionate—in the Off-Broadway production of *Fool for Love*, written and directed by Sam Shepard. And Shepard plays the "one man" in the other principal story of *The Right Stuff*, Chuck Yeager, the Air Force test pilot.

Yeager is the pilot who really broke the sound barrier, no matter what the British film of 1952 told us. Shepard resembles Yeager much less than Harris resembles Glenn, but Shepard was the right iconic choice for the part. He showed in *Days of Heaven* and *Frances* that he is a more than competent actor and a potent screen presence. Here he was called on for the latter rather than

TELECOMMUNICATIONS IN CRISIS: THE FIRST AMENDMENT, TECHNOLOGY, AND DEREGULATION

Debates over regulation, deregulation, and the First Amendment are bringing sweeping policy changes to the world of telecommunications. Technology is altering the shape of our communications systems while regulators struggle to keep up. In this book **Edwin Diamond** of MIT and **Norman Sandler** of UPI offer a thorough and entertaining overview of telecommunications policy. **Milton Mueller** focuses attention on allocation of the frequency spectrum, arguing that private property rights and First Amendment protection for broadcasters would lead to a more competitive and dynamic communications system. $6.00, 113 pages

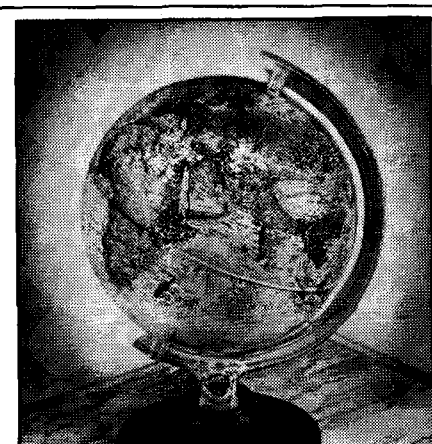
"Will stir discussion about how we can make our telecommunications structure more responsive . . . brings order where chaos seems to exist."

—Senator Bob Packwood
from the foreword

Please enclose payment with order.
Cato Institute, Dept. NR,
224 Second St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003

CATO INSTITUTE

It lights up in the dark!



The MERCURY GLOBE from Rand McNally is a full-color, 12" diameter *illuminated* globe, made of durable high-impact polystyrene. It's the perfect globe for the whole family, and a great night light too.

The MERCURY is a relief globe. Its outside skin shows the earth's topography, with clearly defined warm and cold ocean currents (printed in red and blue), vegetation patterns, elevations, and more. And, it's a political globe. With the aid of the light inside, it shows national boundaries, with each country printed in contrasting solid colors, and features 2,351 place names. 18" tall.

- **Comes with a 25 watt bulb**
- **All electrical parts UL approved**
- **High gloss finish for easy cleaning.**
- **Ideal as a TV or night light.**

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

For Faster Service — *Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free* **1-800-228-6505** *24 Hour-7 Days a week* *In Nebraska 1-800-642-9606*

The only illuminated globe available at this low price!

Suggested List Price $48.95 — **Now Only $29.95**

Barnes & Noble
BOOKSTORES, INC.
126 Fifth Ave., Dept. G39 N.Y.,N.Y. 10011

1171875. Please send me____Mercury Illuminated Globe(s) at your special sale price of only $29.95 (plus $2.50 shipping and handling). *N.Y. and N.J. residents, please add sales tax.*

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ **Zip**_____

✓**Check one** ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ I prefer to charge this purchase to:

☐ American Express Card ☐ VISA ☐ Master Card

*account#*_____
*expires*_____
*signature*_____

Offer good only in continental U.S.A.
©1983, Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the former. He provides one more embodiment of a stock character: the lean laconic Yank who sees through the hooey around him and whose innate aristocracy rests on his quiet, true courage. As I watched Shepard going through the familiar role—the contempt for glitz, the teasing with his gallant but worried wife, the trademark tag of dialogue (something about chewing gum before every takeoff)—I saw him crystallizing my trouble with this film. This was the best living American playwright, who showed last spring that he is also an electrifying director, who has shown that he can be a fine film actor, and this overwhelmingly gifted, exceptionally percipient man was moving through one more go-round of a John Wayne-Gary Cooper hero. (Again: I'm talking about the film, insofar as there's a difference between the film Yeager and the real one.) Shepard's plays are crammed with American pop culture, including Hollywood. Like many of his generation and younger, he relishes that culture because he grew up on it, but he has also grown to see its insufficiencies and exploitations. And here he was, doing all that tight-lipped stuff *straight*. I hoped that he was thinking, "Wait till this is over and I write a play about it, about doing this part and knowing I was doing it."

This of course was to hope that the schism-fusion in *The Right Stuff*, of which he must be well aware, affected him the way it affected me. (On the basis of his plays, a reasonable hope.) What a mix this picture is. Very disconcerting. The film-life circle seemed to keep whirling for a while after the picture was finished. When I left the theater, I almost felt like touching the buildings and the passersby to make sure *The Right Stuff* was over.

REALISTS AGAINST REALITY

Vietnam: A History by Stanley Karnow

(Viking Press, 752 pp., $20)

What happened out there in Vietnam almost always seemed linked to something back here in the United States: their war, our money; their blood, our blood; their destruction, our convulsions; and the more we fought to prevent change there, the more our own identity changed. Our leaders and theirs, our society and theirs, bound in a kind of common grief and destiny: the assassinations of Kennedy and Diem in 1963; the major American military buildup in Vietnam in late 1965 and the first challenges back home to the American foreign policy of containment; the communist Tet offensive in early 1968 and the peace marches and President Johnson's decision not to run for reelection; President Nixon's invasion of Cambodia in 1970 and the National Guardsmen killing students at Kent State; the struggle to keep President Thieu afloat and Mr. Nixon's "enemies list," leading to the Watergate break-in and the final downfall of a President of the United States. The last irony of the war was that our White House became the ultimate domino.

Stanley Karnow is in many ways an ideal person to bring the two together, and he has. He was there first in July 1959 for several years, returned on a number of occasions, and went back one more time to see the wreckage and his Vietnamese friends in 1981. He knew Asia and he knew Washington as a correspondent for Time-Life and *The Washington Post*.

This book is the first comprehensive account of the war and its historical roots. It begins in 1787 with the tales of Vietnam brought back to Paris by a French monsignor and ends with Karnow returning to similar scenes only a few years ago.

For me, there was much pain to be relived in reading this book. When Karnow was sending his first dispatches back from Saigon, I was starting my years of graduate study at Harvard, learning from the likes of McGeorge Bundy and Henry Kissinger the tools of the international trade—power, prudence, credibility, the management of crises, and the lessons that history held for great nations that swerved from challenges and responsibilities. I was preparing to enter the foreign policy establishment, that great center of power whose duty it was to fend off the unknowing right wing and the unseeing left wing. Most of us disdained "area studies." Places like Africa, Asia, and Latin America were mere squares on the chessboard. We learned strategic nuclear doctrines, Soviet-American relations, and how Washington worked. I became a supporter of American policy in Vietnam. Containment, credibility, and the domino theory made sense to me. I believed in these ideas, and with the exception of the domino theory, I still do.

AND AS I learned something about Vietnam, as it became something more than a strategic landscape, even as I turned against the war, I never forgot that I once thought this through very carefully and still believed. This was so even when I submerged myself in directing the Vietnam studies in the Pentagon that became known as the Pentagon Papers. As I read over the old government documents and wrote many current ones, I would murmur to myself that I would have done the same thing. But I was among the lucky who could look through the keyhole of power at my seniors, I could participate and watch, far enough back so that my soul was not engaged, so that I could begin to see that the policy could not work. Far enough was I also from the peace marchers that I never believed that the North Vietnamese had the right to rule the South, or that our cause for the people of the South was somehow less moral than the North's.

Karnow's book reminds me of all that I did not know, or begin to understand, of what I never forgot I believed, of the mistakes I know would have been mine.

His account of Vietnamese history is not as detailed as Joseph Buttinger's classic, *Vietnam: The Dragon Embattled*, nor his sense of Vietnamese culture as keen as Frances FitzGerald's in *Fire in the Lake*. He does not concentrate as David Halberstam does in *The Best and the Brightest* on descriptions of personalities and Washington maneuvering. Nor does he do as much with Washington thinking and politics as I tried to do with Richard Betts in *The Irony of Vietnam: The System Worked*. But he draws

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the best from these and others, plus his own personal experience, and applies to it all a dispassionate and fair-minded attitude. Karnow himself was a critic of the war, but he has the reportorial self-discipline to stand back now and tell the whole story in a manner that raises but does not answer the pivotal questions.

FOR EXAMPLE, what if our leaders in 1961 or 1965 had been able to read Karnow's history up to the end of the French-Vietminh war in 1954, or even up to the end of the Eisenhower Administration when the United States had already taken over responsibility for the country from France? Would their decisions have been different had they known some more of Vietnam's history and culture? Karnow quotes General Maxwell Taylor, a key figure in Vietnam policy in the 1960s, as saying after the war: "First, we did not know ourselves. We thought we were going into another Korean War, but this was a different country. Secondly, we didn't know our South Vietnamese allies. We never understood them, and that was another surprise. And we knew even less about North Vietnam. . . . So, until we know the enemy and know our allies and know ourselves, we'd better keep out of this dirty kind of business. It's very dangerous."

The remark is almost ultimate wisdom for future policymakers, but it is misleading as a guide to history. For it did not matter to our past policymakers who or what the North and South Vietnamese were really like. From the late 1940s on, there were experts in the State Department and the intelligence community telling our leaders that our power to alter the historical roots of this revolutionary, communist-backed, nationalistic civil war was very limited. They read these reports, as we know from the Pentagon Papers and their own memories. The reports mattered little because Vietnam itself was almost irrelevant. It was always tied to larger concerns, even the largest concerns.

At the outset, what was important was not Vietnam, but our relations with France, the nation that had to be rebuilt in Europe as a guardian against the Soviet Union; so powerful was this argument that by 1954, as Karnow points out, the United States had given France about $2.4 billion in aid to fight the war in Vietnam, more than we gave for the economic reconstruction of France itself. Or it was not Vietnam, but the Chinese hordes. They had to be shown that we would not stand by and allow them to conquer Asia. (We would, of course, also have to be very cautious in fighting the war, lest Peking decide to send those hordes against us as they did in Korea.) Or it was all a part of the grand Soviet design, an Asian Berlin. It was the outpost, the testing ground, the new Munich or Manchuria or Ethiopia. Lose here, lose everywhere else, eventually.

In retrospect, it is stunning how questionable these rationales are and how we believed them nonetheless. Our aid to France almost helped France to destroy itself in order to keep this impossible colony. Our fear of China, too, looks strange. Why did we not listen when the Chinese told us during the Geneva peace conference of 1954 that, as Karnow relates, "We are here to reestablish peace, not to back the Vietminh." They, too, had larger concerns. Nor did we understand, as Karnow writes, that Mao Zedong's "principal preoccupation was to prevent the war from expanding to the point where it might require direct Chinese intervention." That is, the thing we feared most, Mao wanted to do least. And look now to the time-honored mutual hatreds of China and Vietnam blossoming again on their common border and in Cambodia. And as for Soviet leaders, was it not to them that Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger turned in their secret plan to extricate the United States with honor from the morass? Soviet leaders stood by while we hit their ships in Haiphong Harbor and they made certain exhortations to Hanoi to settle with us. They were pursuing a policy of détente with Washington; they, too, had larger fish to fry.

For the right price or beyond a certain cost, all the great powers were prepared to sell out their Vietnamese friends. In the end, the Vietnamese prevailed who depended on outsiders least.

And where were all of those falling dominoes? It is true that Hanoi's leaders asserted more direct authority in Laos. Everyone realized they would anyway, whatever the outcome in South Vietnam. They also tried to expand their control of Cambodia westward in the wake of Nixon's decision to send South Vietnamese and American troops into that country and upset the delicate balance that Prince Sihanouk

RESTLESS NIGHTS

Selected Stories of Dino Buzzati — Translated by Lawrence Venuti

"Strange, charming, disturbing, they make a place for Buzzati among those writers who seem to be wide-awake in their dreams, giving a lucid account of the unaccountable: Kafka, Robert Walser, Borges, Flann O'Brien, Italo Calvino, Donald Barthelme." —New York Magazine

"Like the bogeyman, [Buzzati] aims to haunt our nights and keep us awake to our dream selves." —San Francisco Chronicle Book Review

Paper, $12.00 North Point Press, Talbot Avenue, Berkeley, California 94706

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had used to keep the country whole. They are still trying to control Cambodia. North Vietnam did become the dominant power in Indochina, at frightful and continuing costs. But its power and that of Soviet and Chinese communism in Asia has been held in check.

And this was done, moreover, under the worst possible circumstances, the ignominious pullout of Americans from the rooftop of our embassy in Saigon as Red banners approached the city. It was done by diplomacy, by America drawing closer to China, by our shoring up our relations with other nations in the area, and by their building up their own economies. Some will argue still that our fighting the war gave these other Asian nations the time to get their affairs in order. Perhaps so, but the stronger case seems to be that they did it despite our failures. The American position in the Far East may well be stronger today than at any time since 1945.

But so few among us were so clear-eyed then, in the 1960s. Karnow reminds us that even the greatest reporters who helped us to clear our minds, to see Vietnam for itself, did not see so clearly themselves at the time. David Halberstam's Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *The Making of a Quagmire*, contained a last chapter that brought together his years of criticism of the Diem regime. We had to do better, to understand Vietnam better, Halberstam wrote, because it was so vital to American security, because unless we held the line there, the dominoes would fall elsewhere. By 1967, it took very special people like Neil Sheehan (in *The New York Times Magazine*) to be honest enough to be torn apart, to be neither hawk nor dove, to still fear what might happen to South Vietnam and elsewhere if Hanoi won, and yet cry over the reality of the killing and the destruction and the impossibility of it all. By that time, those who still believed in the war began to think that all the critics were simpletons, appeasers, or communists. And those who opposed it began to inveigh against all the supporters as mindless hawks or proto-fascists.

"A KNOCKOUT!"
-Studs Terkel
THE OIL FOLLIES OF 1970-1980
How the Petroleum Industry Stole the Show (And Much More Besides)
"Scathing—a powerful, detailed exposé."
— Publishers Weekly
ROBERT SHERRILL
ANCHOR PRESS/DOUBLEDAY

There were very few Sheehans to fear the future and to cry for the present, to see good reason to try and no reason to hope. Most of the rest of the foreign policy establishment saw truths much more sharply and were choosing up sides and drawing up their enemies lists. The critics would get even with those who continued to believe what most of them once believed themselves. The diehards would make sure to leave their Red mark on the apostates. Death to the pragmatists, for it was they who brought us Vietnam and who made the decisions to fight the war in a slowly escalating and inconclusive way. All power to the extremes, for it was they who said they would have done it differently, either by striking harder or by getting out. Those in the center were forced to choose sides, and ended up denying themselves choice. Going, going, and almost gone were those who appreciated the uncertainties of international affairs, who understood that policymaking was a process of making mistakes, recognizing them, and fixing them.

Was it the pragmatists who brought us Vietnam? It certainly was not the American military, at least prior to 1960. By and large most military leaders held with the collective judgment of the Joint Chiefs of Staff when they wrote in 1955 that Indochina was "devoid of strategic interests" to the United States. Nor was it the conservatives such as Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, the powerful head of the Armed Services Committee, who told Presidents that he did not quite get the point of what they were doing. Nor was it the old Henry Wallace left that had argued all along that we had to distinguish between communism and nationalism on the one hand and grand Soviet designs on the other. The war, it must be said and understood, was the product of conservative and liberal moderates, of pragmatists. And they were our best pragmatists—from Dean Acheson, to President Eisenhower, to President Kennedy, McGeorge Bundy, Robert McNamara, and Henry Kissinger and the like. These men were not ideologues and dogmatists.

THEY WERE INDEED our best pragmatists, but when it came to Vietnam, they stopped being pragmatic. Pragmatism is the art of the possible; pragmatism is trial and error in pursuit of an agreed goal. But to our pragmatists, the goal of preventing a communist takeover of Vietnam became absolute. The refrain heard throughout the Karnow history is from our leaders saying, "We had no alternative."

Dean Acheson in his brilliant memoir, *Present at the Creation*, recalls an "able colleague" telling him that the policy of assisting the French was not going to work. But Acheson goes on to note that he decided "that having put our hand to the plow, we would not look back." Acheson admits that "while we may have tried to muddle through and were certainly not successful, I could not think then or later of a better course." And so said Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and their minions, time and again.

The fact was that given their absolute goals—framed by what they believed was an indivisible communist threat and reinforced by punitive domestic anticommunist pressures and bureaucratic momentum—they really could see no acceptable alternatives. They felt they had no choice. They could say, with Kafka's priest in *The Trial*: "It is not necessary to accept everything as true; one must only accept it as necessary."

One can read through Karnow's history and realize that there were no real turning points in the war. At every crucial juncture—whether to help the French sustain themselves in 1950 in Vietnam; whether to take over from the French in 1955; whether to increase the American advisory presence to over six-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teen thousand in 1962; whether to escalate the war under Lyndon Johnson; whether to seek an agreement with Hanoi in 1970 that would have allowed North Vietnamese troops to remain in South Vietnam, as did the agreement proposed by Kissinger in 1972—there was little or no doubt that the United States would stay involved and do more, and do whatever was necessary not to lose. The concept of a turning point presupposes real choice, the serious possibility of going one way or the other. But to review the record is to see the overwhelming fact that our leaders never came so close to deciding either on a strategy of withdrawal or a strategy for decisive escalation. Each of the decisions was to do more, slowly. This was agonizing, to be sure. But each decision was also made rather swiftly and with only minor opposition. We rigged our thought and our politics so that there was no choice.

Karnow's book makes us stare these awful truths in the face once again. He does not judge those who gave us Vietnam, caught in a Greek tragedy as we were. He does not pronounce the war as right or wrong. Rather, he lets us see, as we must if we are to learn anything from that nightmare, that it was a tragic mistake. Choice is the very essence of policy and of pragmatism. It was not pragmatism that failed us in Vietnam; it was the pragmatists themselves who lost their way.

LESLIE H. GELB

Leslie H. Gelb is the national security correspondent for *The New York Times*.

A SELF-MADE MAN

Present History
by Theodore Draper

(Random House, 458 pp., $19.95)

In recent years two circumstances have conspired to take a lot of the joy out of intellectual life in America (or maybe only in New York, which is every intellectual's second home). The first is its break-up as a profession and the second is its break-up as a community. To be sure, it was never a perfect profession and it was never a perfect community. But things have changed. Intellectual work no longer exists as a form of employment; the university and the media are all that is available to writers whose manner of seriousness will otherwise not keep them solvent. More sadly still, the character of intellectual work has been somewhat coarsened by the organization of intellectuals into ideological orthodoxies. Or, to be less polite, into gangs. According to the intellectual gangs, everything is connected to everything else. We have witnessed the revival of what Richard Hofstadter called "the 100 percent mentality." By the light of this mentality, the test of a mind is its remorselessness, its willingness to embrace the extreme; and those who stop short, who hold views that are not always worldviews, who fail to see the relationship, say, between Hollywood and American foreign policy, or homosexuality and the national will, are accused of a refusal to "let the other shoe drop." In this respect the neoconservative gang has proven as inimical to independent thinking as the radical left gang. Indeed, they consort quite easily with each other, and give each other life; it is those in what they call the "third camp," the liberal anticommunists, that they cannot tolerate, that complicate their common mode of political discourse, that together they would like most to destroy.

In this intellectual environment the writings of Theodore Draper take on a special importance. They deserve to be studied not merely for what they say but for how they say it. Draper is a model of a liberal anticommunist. He yields to nobody in his consciousness of the Soviet danger; indeed, his scrupulous and scathing analysis of détente taught many neoconservatives what they are now teaching. But he yields to nobody, either, in his right to make discriminations, the most pressing being his discrimination between making political war with the Russians and making nuclear war with them. Draper's critical discussion of the irresponsibilities of Jonathan Schell and the irresponsibilities of Caspar Weinberger is a lesson in anticommunist sanity. It is the work of a supremely independent man.

There is almost a whole political education to be had from *Present History*, and its failure to have been fully feted by our critics of record is rather a sign that these days only the screamers will be heard. The book is a collection of Draper's writings of the past decade, which includes the most devastating and definitive interpretation I have ever read of Henry Kissinger's foreign policy. Perhaps the most impressive piece is a lengthy study of NATO, called "The Western Misalliance," which explains elegantly and without simplification the historical origins of the political and strategic contradictions that are currently threatening to rip the free world apart. But Draper's great contribution to political discussion in this country consists not merely in his conclusions. More important is his method. His introduction on the meaning of "present history" deserves to become a primer for political intellectuals. "Present history," in Draper's construction, falls between late-edition journalism and once-upon-a-time history. It consists in the application of the techniques of history—clear and accurate and open evidence, a principled preference for primary sources over secondary sources—to the events of the very recent and very warm past. Here is a man with learning, and with a respect for learning; he studies the North Atlantic Treaty as he would the Treaty of Westphalia. His method may be described as political philology—philology taken in its fine nineteenth-century sense, as the study of history by means of language. Draper's treatment of such terms as "détente" and "deterrence" demonstrates the gains in knowledge that the hoary seriousness of scholars may contribute to the understanding of public policy.

Draper's scholarship, which distinguishes him from all the journalists, and his keen sense of urgency, which distinguishes him from almost all the academics, account for the refreshing confidence of his writing. I say refreshing because it is not the kind of confidence that afflicts most of our political intellectuals. He does not merely know his own mind; that has become unfortunately quite easy. He also knows his own material. Reading Draper, you

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE 1984 CALENDAR

An American History

created by Howard Levine and Tim Keefe
essay by Nat Hentoff

- A day by day history of the increasing *erosion of civil liberties* in the United States.
- Each month illustrated by an original B&W photograph of 1984 culture in American society.
- Each month opens to 17" × 34".

"The political calendar for 1984." - *In These Times*

"A piece of grim humor that Orwell would have enjoyed." - *Bernard Crick* (George Orwell's biographer)

November

1

1963–Diem coup successful. (see June 30)

1972–The *Washington Post* reports on White House study requiring "manufacture and installation of special FM receivers in every home radio and television set, boat and automobile, which could be automatically turned on by the government to contact every citizen, whether awake or asleep," and called for "full coverage, 100 percent of the population."

1982–*Detroit Free Press* reports a Santa Clara, Ca., chief parole officer proposes attaching computers to parolees to monitor their whereabouts and also the use of electronic implants to control violent criminals.

Please send me _____ 1984 Calendars at $10.95 each.

Total enclosed is $ ___ . ___ in check or money order payable to: **Point Blank Press, Ltd.**, P.O. Box 30123, Lansing, MI 48909.

Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Charge Card # _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Which of these languages would you like to speak?

Mark the one you want to speak in 2 or 3 months' time

☐ Afrikaans	☐ German	☐ Malay
☐ American English	☐ Greek (Modern)	☐ Norwegian
☐ Arabic	☐ Hebrew (Modern)	☐ Polish
☐ Chinese	☐ Hindi	☐ Portuguese
☐ Danish	☐ Indonesian	☐ Russian
☐ Dutch	☐ Irish	☐ Spanish
☐ Finnish	☐ Italian	☐ Swedish
☐ French	☐ Japanese	☐ Welsh

A Linguaphone Course makes you feel at home in almost any country. You'll never miss the meaning of conversations or be at a loss for words.

- It must work—over 4 million Linguaphone students in 88 countries speak a second language FLUENTLY
- Proven learning success. You LISTEN to real conversations on cassettes....UNDERSTAND what you hear by following illustrated textbooks. HOLD CONVERSATIONS with the speakers.
- **You start speaking the very first lesson.** You learn at your own convenience.
- It's like having a private tutor.
- You get a complete, professional language program at little cost.
- You gain a good, working vocabulary.
- In just 2 to 3 months you can speak another language with complete confidence.
- You develop an authentic accent. Only native-born speakers are used.

Linguaphone The Language Masters

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 28 DAY FREE TRIAL

World Language Courses, Inc. Dept. 363 313 Nolana Ave. McAllen, Texas 78504

FREE INFORMATION: Please mail me FREE information about learning *the languages I have checked. FREE brochure.*

Name (please print) _____

Street _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

have the feeling that he came to his conclusions after he looked at the matter, and not before. He has, in short, his own reasons for what he says. That is what distinguishes him from the ideologues, who generally have other peoples' reasons for what they say. They are not intellectually self-made men and women. In the introduction to his book Draper writes that "I have tried to write for almost anyone who is willing to make some effort. . . . The all-important thing, I feel, is to play fair with the reader." This sounds disarming; but in the present intellectual climate it should be quite arming. The gangs, after all, require no effort of their readers; indeed, they publish to spare their readers effort, to free them of the evaluation of the evidence, to provide them with a "line." (Ideology is to thought as kitsch is to art.) Nor do they play fair with their readers. They play fast with them instead. If their readers do not complain, it is because they have come for nothing else.

After the university or the media, there is in fact one more kind of employment that is open to intellectuals. It is the public life. Draper is fascinated by the incarnations of intellectuals in power. He includes a rich essay on the history of "Intellectuals in Politics"; and his close observations of Henry Kissinger derive in part from his interest in the professor become The Prince. (He is less fascinated by, but no less shrewd about, our present ambassador to the United Nations, who wrote in 1979 that "politics featuring large roles for intellectuals is especially dangerous to human liberty.") Draper's view of this phenomenon is characteristically complicated; he never paints with unmixed pigments. What matters is not the purity of the intellectual in politics—it is possible to be quite impure outside of politics too—but the justice of the intellectual's use of power. Still, there are reasons for wanting power that make a real intellectual life impossible. The alienation from power and the association with power, then, may both be corruptive of mental labor. Draper is a man neither alienated from it nor associated with it. He is a man who wants, more than anything, to understand. In this respect, too, he is an example. Loneliness is not something that the intellectual should desire, but it is a risk that he must be willing to run.

LEON WIESELTIER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Poems By Czeslaw Milosz

Translator's note: Czeslaw Milosz—it is not news—suffered the peculiar fate of eastern and central European writers in the first half of the twentieth century. His years of coming of age were written on a scene of such violent proportions that the traditional preoccupations of a young poet—finding ways to make the language come to life, registering accurately the nuance of a sensation, discovering the form for a vision of life—seemed to be rendered trivial by the sheer size of events. The writers of this time and place read, sometimes, as if they woke up one day and found themselves, against their will, characters in an historical novel. There is in their work not only a protest against the events they witnessed, but against time or history or reality or whatever it is that pressed them into the role. This situation was compounded by the fact that most of them, growing up in the 1930s, were, with varying degrees of commitment, writers of the left, for whom the historical process, Hegelian or Marxist, seemed to augur not only convulsion but liberation. For these reasons, the development of a writer like Milosz, poem by poem, has a particular fascination.

The four poems included here make a sort of story. "Slow River" was published in 1936 when its author was 25 years old. It belongs to the turbulence of the 1930s and to the group of young poets in Wilno who came to be called Catastrophists. What was new in it then was the matter—cloudy, morally troubled, prophetic, and apocalyptic. The blood-

SLOW RIVER

There has not been for a long time a spring
as beautiful as this one; the grass, just before mowing,
is thick and wet with dew. At night bird cries
come up from the edge of the marsh, a crimson shoal
lies in the east till the morning hours.
In such a season, every voice becomes for us
a shout of triumph. Glory, pain and glory
to the grass, to the clouds, to the green oak wood.
The gates of the earth torn open, the key
to the earth revealed. A star is greeting the day.
Then why do your eyes hold an impure gleam
like the eyes of those who have not tasted
evil and only long for crime? Why does this heat
and depth of hatred radiate
from your narrowed eyes? To you the rule,
for you clouds in golden rings
play a music, maples by the road exalt you.
The invisible rein on every living thing
leads to your hand—pull, and they all
turn a half-circle under the canopy
called cirrus. And your tasks? A wooded mountain
awaits you, the place for cities in the air,
a valley where wheat should grow, a table, a white page
on which, maybe, a long poem could be started,
joy and toil. And the road bolts like an animal,
it falls away so fast, leaving a trail of white dust,
that there is scarcely a sight to prepare a nod for,
the hand's grip already weakened, a sigh, and the storm is over.
And then they carry the malefactor through the fields,
rocking his gray head, and above the seashore
on a tree-lined avenue, they put him down
where the wind from the bay furls banners
and schoolchildren run on the gravel paths,
singing their songs.

—"So that, neighing in the garden, drinking on the green,
so that, not knowing whether they are happy or just weary,
they take bread from the hands of their pregnant wives.
They bow their heads to nothing in their lives.
My brothers, avid for pleasure, smiling, beery,
have the world for a granary, a house of joy."

—"Ah, dark rabble at their vernal feasts
and crematoria rising like white cliffs
and smoke seeping from the dead wasps' nests.
In a stammer of mandolins, a dust-cloud of scythes,
On heaps of food and mosses stomped ash-gray,
The new sun rises on another day."

There has not been for a long time a spring
as beautiful as this one to the voyager.
The expanse of water seems to him dense
as the blood of hemlock. And a fleet of sails
speeding in the dark, like the last
vibration of a pure note. He saw
human figures scattered on the sands
under the light of planets, falling from the vault
of heaven, and when a wave grew silent, it was silent,
the foam smelled of iodine? heliotrope?
They sang on the dunes, Maria, Maria,
putting a spattered hand on the saddle
and he didn't know if this was the new sign
that promises salvation, but kills first.
Three times must the wheel of blindness
turn, before I look without fear at the power
sleeping in my own hand, and recognize spring,
the sky, the seas, and the dark, massed land.
Three times will the liars have conquered
before the great truth appears alive
and in the splendor of one moment,
stand spring and the sky, the seas and the lands.

WILNO, 1936

—translated by the author, Robert Hass, and Robert Pinsky

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spattered hand one glimpses in the poem probably belongs to a Teutonic Knight, a figure familiar to readers who have seen Sergei Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky* which dates from the same period. What was familiar in the poem—and impressive to critics in Warsaw—was a certain classic firmness in the verse. "The Songs of Adrian Zielinski" were written in Warsaw during the occupation, influenced, it would seem, by T. S. Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." "Zielinski" is a common Polish surname; "Adrian" is a little arty or effete. The poem appears to belong to the moment before the outlines of the final solution had become clear, before the political vise in which Poland was caught had led to bitter maneuvering among the various elements in the resistance. It seems to test, ironically, through the person of Zielinski, the possibility of a personal poem, of not having to come to terms with history at all; and it is a strange brew of tones, plangent, Schweikian, mocking, elegaic. The extraordinary poems of the war years—the "Voices of Poor People" sequence familiar to readers of *Selected Poems* and "The World" forthcoming in *The Separate Notebooks*—come just after this, when the poet had for a while found his way.

By 1949 a second crisis had begun to take shape. "Song on Porcelain" was written by a minor diplomatic official of the People's Government of Poland while he was serving in the United States, a large, rich, bizarrely placid country where people stood in line at movie theaters and mowed their lawns, as if the air did not shriek, as if the world were a comfortable and complaisant place. Poems in which the rhythm carries the meaning are the most difficult to translate. The task here was to catch at least something of the mordant frothiness of the original. "Irony," Milosz would write later, "is the language of slaves." The prose poem "Esse" was written in France in 1954 when its author had resigned his post and exiled himself from his country and his language. That sudden sensation of the absence of context is palpable in it, and so is the rage to possess the world in language—and despair at the possibility—which would become one of the preoccupations of this poet for the next thirty years.

ROBERT HASS

Czeslaw Milosz's *The Separate Notebooks*, a volume of previously untranslated poems, will be published by The Ecco Press in December.

SONG ON PORCELAIN

Rose colored cup and saucer,
Flowery demi-tasses:
You lie beside the river
Where an armored column passes.
Winds from across the meadow
Sprinkle the banks with down;
A torn apple tree's shadow
Falls on the muddy path;
The ground everywhere is strewn
With bits of brittle froth—
Of all things broken and lost
Porcelain troubles me most.

Before the first red tones
Begin to warm the sky
The earth wakes up, and moans.
It is the small sad cry
Of cups and saucers cracking,
The masters' precious dream
Of roses, of mowers raking,
And shepherds on the lawn.
The black underground stream
Swallows the frozen swan.
This morning, as I walked past,
The porcelain troubled me most.

The blackened plain spreads out
To where the horizon blurs
In a litter of handle and spout,
A lively pulp that stirs
And crunches under my feet.
Pretty, useless foam:
Your stained colors are sweet,
Spattered in dirty waves
Flecking the fresh black loam
In the mounds of these new graves.
In sorrow and pain and cost,
Sir, porcelain troubles me most.

—WASHINGTON, 1947
translated by the author
and Robert Pinsky

ESSE

I looked at that face, dumbfounded. The lights of Metro stations flew by; I didn't notice them. What can be done, if our sight lacks absolute power to devour objects ecstatically, in an instant, leaving nothing more than the void of an ideal form, a sign like a hieroglyph simplified from the drawing of an animal or bird. A slightly snub nose, a high brow with sleekly brushed back hair, the line of the chin—but why isn't the power of sight absolute?—and in a whiteness tinged with pink two sculpted holes, containing a dark, lustrous lava. To absorb that face but to have it simultaneously against the background of all spring boughs, walls, waves, in its weeping, its laughter, moving it back fifteen years, or ahead thirty. To have. It is not even a desire. Like a butterfly, a fish, the stem of a plant, only more mysterious. And so it befell me that after so many attempts at naming the world, I am able only to repeat, harping on one string, the highest, the unique avowal beyond which no power can attain: *I am, she is.* Shout, blow the trumpets, make thousands-strong marches, leap, rend your clothing, repeating only: *is!*

She got out at Raspail. I was left behind with the immensity of existing things. A sponge, suffering because it cannot saturate itself; a river, suffering because reflections of clouds and trees are not clouds and trees.

BRIE-COMTE-ROBERT, 1954
—translated by the author and Robert Pinsky

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SONGS OF ADRIAN ZIELINSKI

1.

The fifth spring of war is beginning.
A young girl is weeping for her lover.
Snow is melting in the Warsaw streets.

I thought my youth would last forever,
That I would always be the same.
And what remains? Fear in the early hours,
I peer at myself as at a plaque of blank, gray stone,
Looking for something I have known.

A carousel drones in the little square.
Somebody is shooting at somebody out there.
A light squall blows from the torpid river.

But what is all that to me?
I am like a child unable to tell a yellow dandelion
from a star. This isn't the wisdom
that I bargained for. What are centuries,
what is history. I hack out each day
and it's a century to me.

O Lord, throw me a tiny plume of your pity.

2.

When I go to the fields, to the stunted forest,
To any stretch of wasted land
And observe how the first spring flowers
Are pushed up by a subterranean hand,

I want to bore a tunnel to the center of the earth
so I can see Hell.
I want to pierce, for what it's worth,
That blue lake of the sun's rays
And have a look at Heaven.

And the heart of the earth, heavy with liquid gold,
And the cold void of whirling spheres
Would be all I'd find. There are no abysses.
Without end or beginning, Nature breeds
Nothing, except this: there is life, there is death,
It's over. There are no abysses.

If only the poorest of Devils, Hell's bellhop,
Showed his horns from under the primrose leaf,
If only the angel in Heaven who chops wood
By beating his little wings waved down from a cloud.

Please, understand how hard it is when man alone
Must invent a new Heaven and Hell on earth.

3.

First, people and trees: very big.
Then, people and trees: not so big.
Until the whole earth, fields and houses,
People, plants, animals, birds,
Have shrunk to the size of a May leaf,
Like wet clay squeezed in the hand.

You cannot even see yourself
Or your crooked path through the world.
Even the dead cannot be found.
They lie like cramped, black ants
In the sandy, amber-colored ground,
And no eye can pick them out.

Everything is so small that a real dog
Or a real bush of wild roses
Would be as immense as the pyramids,
The city gates to a boy just come
From a distant backwoods village.

I will not find a real rose,
real moth, real stone, mica-rifted, shiny.
For me, always, there will be this earth: tiny.

4.

Somewhere there are happy cities.
Somewhere there are, but not for certain.
Where, between the market and the sea,
In a spray of sea mist,
June pours wet vegetables from baskets
And ice is carried to a café terrace
Sprinkled with sunlight, and flowers
Drop onto women's hair.

The ink of newspapers new every hour,
Disputes about what is good for the republic.
The teeming cinemas smell of orange peels
And a mandolin hums long into the night.
A bird flicking the dew of song before sunrise.

Somewhere there are happy cities,
But they are of no use to me.
I look into life and death as into an empty wine-cup.
Glittering buildings or the rouge of ruins.
Let me go away in peace.
There is a whisper of night that breathes in me.

They are dragging a guy by his stupid legs,
The calves in silk socks,
The head trailing behind.
And a stain in the sand a month of rain won't wash away.
Children with toy automatic pistols
Take a look, resume their play.
To see this or to enter an almond orchard
Or to stand with guitar at a sculpted gate.

Let me go away in peace.
This is not the same; possibly, it is the same.

5.

The round ass of a girl passing by
Is a planet carved by sunlight's hand
For poor astronomers who watch the sky
As they sit with their bottle on the sand.

And when they glimpse how deep blue spreads
Across the sky, they are terrified.
Under that vastness, they hang their heads,
To them, the whole thing feels too wide.

They see the ass as it sways away:
Venus in their telescopes, warm as blood.
And spring's green shimmers like waves that play
Under bright Venus after the flood.

6.

There is a whisper of night that breathes in me,
Little voices like cats lapping at my days,
And my internal subjugated storms
Erupt in a song of gratitude and praise.

What a wise man you are, Adrian.
You could be a Chinese poet,
Wang Wei, or else P'o Ch'ui.
You needn't care what century you're in.
You look at a flower
And smile at what you see.

How wise you are, how undeluded
By folly of history or passions of the race.
You walk serenely, the light, occluded,
eternal, softening your face.

Peace to the house of the sage.
Peace to his prudent wonder.

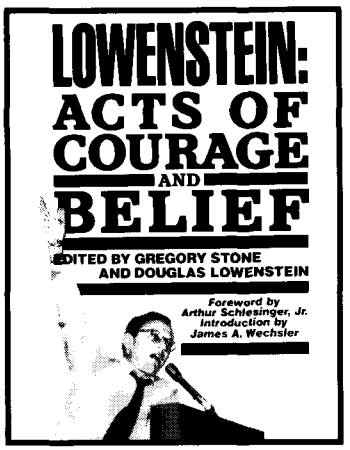
O black treason, black treason—
Thunder.

WARSAW, 1943-44

—translated by the author and Robert Hass

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"LOWENSTEIN'S FRIENDS AFFORD US AN AFFECTING GLIMPSE OF BOTH THE MAN AND HIS TIMES."
—*The New York Times Book Review*


LOWENSTEIN:
ACTS OF COURAGE AND BELIEF
EDITED BY GREGORY STONE AND DOUGLAS LOWENSTEIN
Foreword by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
Introduction by James A. Wechsler

"...a lively overview not only of Lowenstein's life, but also of a near-revolutionary era."
—*The Philadelphia Inquirer*
Paperback $9.95.
Also available in hardcover, $18.95.
HBJ HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

KURT VONNEGUT'S "MARVELOUS ENTERTAINMENT
...much more than merely funny." —*People Magazine*. "A virtuoso performance."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. "His funniest book since *Cat's Cradle*." —*Minneapolis Tribune*. "Hilarious. A riot of randomness." —*New York Times*.

DEAD-EYE DICK
The nationwide hardcover bestseller, now just $6.95.
DTP NEW DELL TRADE PAPERBACK

THE MAN IN THE WOMAN

Willa: The Life of Willa Cather
by Phyllis C. Robinson

(Doubleday, 321 pp., $17.95)

Willa Cather's instructions to her heirs forbade publication of her letters or quotation from them. She had earlier collected masses of her correspondence from old friends and burned them. The friends helped. Yehudi Menuhin's mother burned letters "in accordance with the author's wishes." Edith Lewis, Cather's companion of forty years, continued to feed the flames after the novelist's death. She spoke of "unguarded" early Cather letters "written in a large immature hand . . . the kind of letters that are only written in the confidence of being infallibly understood." Biography was thus disarmed. Ironically all that remained beyond ashes was Lewis's ambiguous description of documents she was the last to read. And she has since died.

What did Willa Cather wish to conceal? Certainly she seemed to have a strong desire to "live down" her early years. It was her wish to be read exclusively in the creations of her maturity—an understandable feeling in a woman who began as an enthusiastic prairie tomboy and ended as a sophisticated and honored author on Park Avenue. We may guess, however, that a more compelling motive existed: her lesbianism. Living as she did before the century's sexual revolution, she was understandably determined that post-mortem prying into her love life be carefully controlled.

What she did not count upon was the loyalty of her Nebraska admirers. In the fullness of time, the Nebraska University Press has published all of Cather's early journalism—those girlish revelations of her delayed adolescence, her enthusiasms in the performing arts, her lively dogmatism about culture and creativity. If these callow writings did not reveal her sexual adventures, they showed to the full the crude and extravagant young Willa that the old Willa sought to obliterate. As for the sexual life and her problems in art, these can be deduced from the novels she wrote, the works she distilled out of her wayward youth and her later rigorous discipline.

Cather's early biographer, the Canadian critic E. K. Brown, wrote her life (1953) as a "critical biography." He told the essential story by a perceptive analysis of Cather's prairie background and her novels. Edith Lewis at that time controlled the Cather papers, and he was largely dependent on her. Moreover Brown was writing before gay liberation and had himself been reared in Victorian reticence. A subsequent academic life by James Woodress (1970) offered a few new facts and some corrections. Now we have Phyllis C. Robinson's attempt to give us a larger and bolder picture. She has read the residual correspondence, but dredges up trivia from it—the kind most biographers omit. She is free to discuss Cather's lesbianism and in her acknowledgement, she thanks two persons for help with "the complex nature of female homosexuality." However Cather's complexities are not probed. And the book is written in a style which one hesitates to describe—a single phrase will suggest it: Cather, Robinson says, had a "sumptuous way with language." Literary biography ceases to be literary when a biographer echoes a subject's immaturities. Robinson's book, with its oscillations between the unfinished and finished Cather, has the effect of a double exposure.

The distinct failure of this new work resides in its inability to deal with Cather's sexual problems, not because the details of her encounters and loves are no longer available but because Robinson has made no effort to understand the particular psychology of Cather's masculinity. The letter burners of biography—W. H. Auden was one in our time—forget that there are other kinds of testimony, the memories of friends and bystanders, contents of letters written by other persons, diaries, and the very fabric of an author's prose. Cather's life as a young girl in Virginia, and later as a tomboy in Nebraska, is well known. She was the oldest child,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and her two brothers were several years younger. At nine she was swept from Virginia to the Divide—from the legendary experience of potential "Southern womanhood" to a prairie where girls played as if they were boys, at least until adolescence. Cather's "boyhood" extended into her college years. In Red Cloud, she slept in the same attic as her brothers; she joined in their play; she wore boys' clothes and short hair. In her young years she announced she was "Doctor" Willie Cather and practiced vivisection on animals (there is a sadistic streak in all her novels), much to the horror of the town. Her valedictory to her high school class was a defense of her "experiments." She reached college in mannish clothes and she seems to have wooed young women quite as if she were a young male Don Juan. This history is what Cather tried to cover up.

CATHER WAS NOT simply a male role-player and not, in any way, a spiritual transvestite. At times she actually believed she was a man. And it was the image of her masculinity—this fantasy of herself as male—that dominated her dreams as well as her active life.

Critics have long remarked that we see her heroines only through male eyes. And we find that she spoke of women as "they" and "them"—as if she were a disapproving man. "Sometimes I wonder why God ever trusts talent in the hands of women, they usually make such an infernal mess of it." And again, she said of herself, "No man can give himself heart and soul to one thing while in the back of his mind he cherishes a desire, a secret hope for something different."

That statement, aside from the assumption that she is speaking for men, in reality speaks for all the gay writers of history. Given the public attitudes toward homosexuality and its legal proscription, gay writers found themselves unable to deal with the only kind of love that had any meaning for them. Cather overcame this profound frustration by avoiding the subject of love. Her women make their career by fortitude and endurance, or by individual talent in the performing arts, or in the way Cather herself achieved a reputation, by continual journalism. In 1906 she became managing editor of the muckraking journal, *McClure's*, whose circulation she successfully built up during

Walk through the most historic and enchanting neighborhoods of the world's great cities with these new, discriminating guides, and read about architecture, history, the arts, food, and much more . . .

"These are guidebooks for people who hate guidebooks: people who have been patronized by Fielding, bored by Fodor, exhausted by Baedeker, and dizzied by miniscule symbols and arcane abbreviations in the Michelins."
—Los Angeles Times

Each volume includes:
Visitor Information and Advice • Photos • Maps • Chronology
List of Selected Restaurants and Shops • Index

Available at your bookstore, or from the publisher, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Trade Sales Dept., 521 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10175

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far the most effective way to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace – testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

- ☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $125.
- ☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $110.

(Conn. and N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order – or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

112 courses in 35 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 12th year.

Audio-Forum
Suite 29N
On-the-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

AUDIO-FORUM®

All orders received by Dec. 12 will be delivered before the holidays!
Or visit our New York sales office 145 E. 49th St., New York, NY 10017 (212) 753-1783.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and after the Theodore Roosevelt years.

The turning point in her life came in Pittsburgh where she met and fell in love with Isabelle McClung, a young patroness of the arts who was the daughter of an eminent judge and moved in high social circles. Robinson offers some new details of McClung's defiance of her family and the installation of Cather in their stately mansion. Here the prairie tomboy was gradually disciplined. An outer femininity was restored in dress and manners. She had a quiet retreat in which to write her early stories. She had a high artistic ideal. Cather was not a born writer; but she had a driving ambition and with discipline achieved a better-mannered prose and a narrative economy.

WHAT complications there were in her life, what marginal "affairs" she may have had, may be known only if a cache of new letters should surface. She lived with Edith Lewis in Greenwich Village; with the beloved Isabelle in Pittsburgh; and she had many women friends. The great trauma of her life was Isabelle's marriage; that crisis is mirrored in *The Professor's House*, her fragmented 1920s novel whose structure influenced Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*. In later years she lived in the apartment Alfred Knopf found for her on Park Avenue. I remember it well, for I was often there after her death at the invitation of Miss Lewis. The latter observed all the pieties—every book, every artifact, was in the place Cather had left it. And I recall a large copy of Couture's *George Sand*—a portrait much admired by Flaubert and Turgenev—occupying a place of honor on a wall near the entrance.

Cather's finest narratives do not tell of intimate relations. How write of her kind of love when it was a forbidden subject—and one that would have outraged her large middle-American public? She portrayed individuals of an heroic or mythic mold seeking to control their environment. Passion in her books is invested in the rituals of existence and survival. As she grew older, she found herself unable to accept change. She clung to her youth, gave herself out to be younger than she was, lived in a state of chronic melancholy over the irretrievable, "the uncommunicable," past. The storms of feeling that had driven her in her high youth had long blown themselves out. She remained a monolithic, rugged figure, a transplanted prairie pioneer set into the heart of Manhattan. To strive and succeed had been her greatest goal; but success turns to ashes when there is no growth and no new world to conquer. The male writers of her time, Scott Fitzgerald, Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway, and the young Faulkner found solace in alcohol. Cather's masculinity did not extend that far. She took refuge in withdrawal and privacy, and out of past histories dealt with earlier pioneers in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

As can be seen, there are very rich dramas in Cather's life. But they need to be told with literary skill and force. Robinson's brief comments on Cather's writings and her imitation of the adolescent "gush" of Cather's young life (perhaps induced by too much paraphrase of some surviving letters) suggests that whatever we may seek to commend in this book, it cannot be the work of her editor's blue pencil.

LEON EDEL

Leon Edel's most recent book is *Stuff of Sleep and Dreams: Experiments in Literary Psychology* (Harper & Row).

ERSATZ EPIC

Winter's Tale
by Mark Helprin

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 673 pp., $14.95)

The opening of *Winter's Tale* is reminiscent of the game in which you're given a situation and required to launch your imagination from there: around the turn of the century, a white stallion is escaping from its master, crossing the Williamsburg Bridge from Brooklyn to Manhattan, trotting briskly, moving "as if it always hears music." Having set this particular scene, Mark Helprin lets his imagination take off, and the story, as it unfolds, has the feel of a yarn that is being spun out extemporaneously, a showcase for the author's powers as they reach for dazzling heights.

The white horse, called Athansor, soon meets up with Peter Lake—orphan, master mechanic, honest burglar, and hero of the novel—just in the nick of time to rescue him from a messy death at the hands of the gang of evil, if somewhat vaudevillian, Short Tails. From then on, it's the honored American twosome of man and horse, as Peter Lake (though not the horse) becomes the beloved of the consumptive heiress Beverly Penn, gives up his promising career as a second-story man and goes straight, watches Beverly die, and is then killed himself (together with his horse) in a fantastic trap set by the Short Tails on the "Great Bridge."

Helprin is a gaudy show-off of a writer who likes to make a splash with his effects; he then likes to top the splash with a bigger one. Nothing is allowed to rest, including poor Peter Lake and his horse, who, as the tale continues, rise out of the water some eighty years later, with the third millennium approaching fast. In this incarnation, Peter Lake is something of a holy man and messiah, come to earth to witness the apocalyptic burning of New York City, to participate in the almost successful attempt to throw a bridge from the Battery to the Empyrean, and to meet his doom once again, thanks to an enterprising Short Tail. Whether or not he will rise a third time "is a question you must answer within your own heart," because, fortunately for the rest of us, at this point, after nearly seven hundred pages, the book comes down for a final landing, and not, thank goodness, for another refueling.

Helprin has in the past demonstrated his highmindedness and his formidable gifts as an original storyteller, but for *Winter's Tale* he has donned a pair of wings and soared off into the clouds with neither compass nor course. And Helprin's imagination is not all that flies here; so does the horse, as well as some of the elite characters, including an entire family (mother-in-law, too), the Marrattas, who ascend, at the end, "in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

full and triumphant faith." *Winter's Tale* is a novel set aloft, but because flight and other fabulous deliverances are always at hand in moments of danger, there's no possibility for the finality of tragedy, and certainly not for the despair, irreverence, or cynicism that characterizes the sensibilities of those of us who are, alas, earthbound. "You can't expect anyone to trust revelation if he hasn't experienced it himself," explains one character. "Those who haven't, know only reason. And since revelation is a thing apart, and cannot be accounted for reasonably, they will never believe you." The nonbelieving readers of *Winter's Tale* will take scant comfort in being reminded that their lack of faith is a consequence of their own limitations rather than of the persuasiveness of the revelator. Perhaps, after all, this is a book for children, romantics, and other innocents.

AS FOR those of us handicapped by an addiction to reason, maybe it's beside the point to ask, from a novel of this sort, for a certain minimum of verisimilitude in plot, or, for that matter, in the evocation of time and place, so that we may be helped toward the level of revelation. The New York City that is depicted here, and the year 2000 that is foreshadowed here, are utterly quaint and charming. Horses, sleighs, and ships are still the primary mode of transportation; the lone mugger on the streets is neatly dispatched by a 100-year-old gentleman. The characters are equally believable, and the favored ones are simply too good to be true, as pure and white as the winter landscape that dominates the book. They are, without exception, noble, graceful, and not a bit afraid of heights, which is fortunate with all the climbing and flying they must do. They possess innate moral standards; they are competent, responsible, spirited, intelligent, not to mention good looking and sexy, each and every one of them; they all find each other through some sort of chemistry, or perhaps coincidence (actually, "higher and purposeful forces brazenly and unconvincingly masquerading as coincidence"); and they are further alike in that not a single one of them inspires our concern or our deeper interest or empathy.

What we are given in *Winter's Tale* in place of plot, characterization, or a credible time and place, are certain ideas and themes that are repeatedly and urgently pressed upon us. These themes include the quest for a perfectly just city, the compression of time, the perfect symmetry and balance of the universe, and the conquest of death.

The ambition to "stop time" and "bring back the dead" is expressed by the two major characters of the novel, Peter Lake and Hardesty Marratta, as well as by the eight-foot-tall bridge builder, Jackson Mead. Peter Lake and Hardesty Marratta are kindred spirits, for whom the search for justice is life's mission. Some time before the turn of the century, the baby Peter Lake reaches the Jersey shore in a miniature replica of the ship, *City of Justice*, having been set adrift from Ellis Island by his parents after they were found to have tuberculosis and turned back. More than a hundred years later, as the third millennium draws near, Hardesty Marratta sets out from San Francisco to New York after having been given the choice in his father's will of vast riches or a gold salver with the inscription, "For what can be imagined more beautiful than a perfectly just city rejoicing in justice alone." Naturally, he takes the tray.

FOR BOTH men the starkest symbol of injustice is the suffering and death of a child. Soon after Peter Lake arrives in the city, he wanders into the hallway of a tenement, where he comes upon a hideously sick and neglected child. This memory remains to afflict and agitate him, even after his fortunes rise. Hardesty Marratta must, in his turn, pass through the ordeal of the illness and death of his daughter, Abby. In the course of his frantic attempt to save his child, and thereby find justice, he discovers the resurrected Peter Lake, in his aerie under the vaulting of the lofty ceiling at Grand Central Station. It is the very end of the year 1999. The two men go to Abby's hospital bedside where the girl is already dead, but Peter Lake recognizes her as the incarnation of "the child in the hallway. . . . She was dying and blind, but she remained standing . . . because she didn't know that it was her privilege to lie down." Abby comes back to life at the end, and so too do all little children who have ever suffered and died. Justice has always been present even if we, from our obscured vantage point, have not been able to perceive it. And it will surely manifest itself in "a golden age that will show not what we wish, but some bare awkward truth upon which rests everything that ever was and everything that ever will be." *Winter's Tale* is a deliriously uplifting and optimistic book, though it is not, in the strict and formal sense, religious. Would that we could all believe in the golden age it envisions.

"Movement, courage, laughter, and love"—these are the "treasures of the earth," Peter Lake thinks. In *Winter's Tale*, there's a satisfying, if rather sentimental and indulgent, allotment of the treasures of "love and laughter," but when it comes to "movement and courage," there's a veritable surfeit. The activity in these pages is ceaseless and dizzying. There's not a moment's rest or serenity, not even in the ice of winter; even the dead are not granted the privilege of resting in peace. Everything is played forte; it's all crescendo, from beginning to end. Courage, too, is in excess here, specifically the author's boldness, even pride, in undertaking so massive a work, with all that it seems to promise in the way of resolving, once and for all, the most vexing and ageless questions—questions regarding justice, the suffering of the innocent, time, death, the nature of the universe, apocalypse, redemption, and the like. Just as the grand and impossible scheme to construct a bridge into the golden age must ultimately fail, so too Helprin cannot hope to deliver, no matter how heroic his intentions or how remarkable his powers. In the end, the reader is left holding the ragged remains of a showy balloon that had been blown up much too big.

TOVA REICH

Tova Reich is the author of *Mara*, a novel.

'SENATOR KENNEDY delivered a ringing plea for tolerance at Jerry Falwell's Liberty Baptist College. Which calls to mind that Falwell recently spoke at Harvard, Teddy's alma mater, where he was nearly attacked, and at Princeton, where he was delayed by a bomb threat. Anyway, Teddy got a standing ovation when he finished. Well, anyone can preach tolerance to the mob at Liberty Baptist. But would Teddy have the guts to give that speech in the Ivy League?"

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review write to Dept. R-21. 150 East 35th Street. New York, New York 10016.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD DARKNESS, NEW LIGHT

Cathedral
by Raymond Carver
(Knopf, 228 pp., $13.95)

"Dreams, you know," Betty says with a sigh to her hairdresser, "are what you wake up from." To faithful Raymond Carver readers, Betty will seem like an old friend. She and her husband have lost their Minnesota farm to the bank. They've piled their kids and clothes into their station wagon and taken an apartment for a few months at Fulton Terrace, a nondescript complex in an unnamed town. "It's July, temperature's one hundred plus. These people look whipped." Carver's specialty is people who look whipped, or more precisely, people who have *been* whipped—by a lousy marriage, by hard luck, by a freak accident, by booze. If, like Betty, they once dreamed of the future, they've since resigned themselves to the circumstances, random and routine, that rule their day to day existence.

Carver knows the lessons of humility by heart. In an autobiographical essay called "Fires" that first appeared in *Antaeus*, he starkly characterizes the principal influence on his life and writing: "a negative one, oppressive and often malevolent." By the age of 19 Carver was a husband and the father of two children, scrounging a living as a janitor and a stock boy. "The time came and went when everything my wife and I held sacred, or considered worthy of respect, every spiritual value, crumbled away. Something terrible had happened to us. . . . We couldn't fully comprehend what had happened." That incomprehension was worked out again and again in Carver's first two collections of short stories, *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?* and *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love*. His stories were widely admired for their painstaking rendering of drab and dolorous lives; for their cool, staccato prose; for their sure grasp of the moment in which truth overtakes illusion.

By now Carver has perfected the art of reproducing the signs of emotional paralysis and terror. But the stories in *Cathedral* are more complicated than his monochromatic earlier work, in which it is hard to tell one exhausted narrator from another. One of the best in the new collection, "A Small, Good Thing," chronicles the vigil of a mother and father whose young son, the victim of a hit-and-run accident, lies in a coma. These characters don't merely observe and exist; they actively suffer. The story moves rapidly between scenes of the couple's anguish before the imperturbable Doctor Francis at the hospital ("He wore a three-piece blue suit, a striped tie, and ivory cuff links, and he looked as if he had just come from a concert"), and their growing panic at the menacing phone calls they receive from an anonymous caller during their hurried stops at home: "It's about Scotty, yes. . . . Have you forgotten about Scotty?" After the boy dies, their tension briefly gives way to aimless sorrow, captured in a glimpse of the father crouching on the garage floor, awkwardly embracing the boy's bicycle, its rubber pedal pressing into his chest.

In the more ambitious of his new stories Carver seems to have shaken some of his preoccupation with the manifestations of discontent, and replaced it with an effort to explore the imaginations of his characters. The results can be both funny and moving, as in "Cathedral," a story about ignorance and vulnerability—the deep-seated kind that we rarely admit to or reveal. The narrator is unnerved by the overnight visit of Robert, an old friend of his wife who is blind. Gripped by the repellent fascination of a healthy man with the handicapped, he spends the evening observing Robert's vanity, his crude speech, his greed at the dinner table. But the narrator is equally vain and crude, and he misbehaves shamelessly. He is peevish to his wife for her solicitude toward Robert, and pulls juvenile pranks at the blind man's expense: " 'Now let us pray,' I said, and the blind man lowered his head. My wife looked at me, her mouth agape. 'Pray the phone won't ring and the food doesn't get cold.' " Then the story takes an unexpected turn, as the narrator, gazing in boredom at a TV program on the church and the Middle Ages, suddenly drops his attitude of belligerent rudeness. Realizing that the man next to him cannot know what a cathedral looks like, he attempts to describe the image to Robert in a rare show of generosity. He soon gives up in frustration, admitting that cathedrals don't mean much to him either. But the blind man's patience and curiosity compel him to run off for paper and a heavy pen, and when he returns the two men impulsively get down on the floor together to draw the spires and flying buttresses, their hands locked as they move up and down the paper.

Carver said in a recent interview in *The Paris Review* that *Cathedral* represents a serious attempt to defy one critic's characterization of his work as "minimalist." Certainly with this collection he has become a writer of depths as well as of surfaces. "A Small, Good Thing" and "Cathedral" are astute, even complex, psychological dramas. But a touch of sentimentality, an element previously foreign to Carver's work, has crept into these stories. Perhaps because he doesn't quite trust the sense of hope with which he leaves his characters, the writing at the end becomes self-consciously simple and the scenes of resolution contrived. In "A Small, Good Thing" the stark realism of earlier scenes is replaced by rather pat symbolism about communion through suffering. The grieving couple discovers that the anonymous caller is the baker who had prepared the child's birthday cake on the day of the accident. And, listening to his confession, they find that the man who terrorized them is someone to pity, not to fear:

> "Forgive me, if you can," the baker said. "I'm not an evil man, I don't think. Not evil, like you said on the phone. You got to understand what it comes down to is I don't know how to act anymore, it would seem. . . ."
>
> They ate rolls and drank coffee. Ann was suddenly hungry and the rolls were warm and sweet. She ate three of them, which pleased the baker. Then he began to talk. They listened carefully. Although they were tired and in anguish, they listened to what the baker had to say. They nodded when the baker began to speak of loneliness, and of the sense of doubt and limitation that had come to him in his middle years. He told them what it was like to be childless all these years. . . .
>
> "Smell this," the baker said, breaking open a dark loaf. "It's a heavy bread, but rich." They smelled it, then he had them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taste it. It had the taste of molasses and coarse grains.

The promise of redemption is, finally, more cloying than liberating. But it is not surprising that Carver doesn't yet write with as much conviction about the small, good things as he does about the malevolent ones. He's discovering just how large they are, and how elusive.

DOROTHY WICKENDEN

people think that.) The wave of endorsements he's received lately from Democratic big shots seems similarly motivated by a sense that the train is pulling out of the station, not that this is a train one longs to be on.

I even wonder about Mondale himself. Why does he want Mondale for President? Two elections ago, he decided it was too much trouble. It's hard not to suspect that he wants the nomination now primarily because it's within his grasp. Mondale's got all the key factors in his favor; why not go with a winner? Take the path of least resistance, as always? He thinks he hears destiny calling, but it's only the squeaky machinery of our very odd political process.

TRB, *from page 6*

has become almost essential. Running is a full-time job. Also, the less you're known to have done at all lately, the less you're likely to have done wrong (like voting for Reaganomics). The press loves a "gaffe." It's much more important to have done nothing wrong than to have done anything right. That's why the best office to have held, in the distant past, is Vice President, which gives you national attention without forcing you to leave too many tracks. Carter's and Reagan's records as governor were poked and picked apart by the press and opponents, but Mondale can claim deep leadership experience while distancing himself from any unfortunate particular.

Mondale strikes me, at least, as the very opposite of a leader, a natural-born follower. He has, in Eugene McCarthy's wicked phrase, "the soul of a Vice President." Most of what he stands for is admirable enough, but his path in politics has always been smoothed by others, from Hubert Humphrey through Jimmy Carter. He's never been out front. And sadly, if it were otherwise, he probably wouldn't be the front-runner for the nomination today. Humphrey once explained Mondale's career this way: "He's nonabrasive . . . not a polarizer. . . . He kept filling the bill. It's most amazing."

Most of the low-level political types I hang around with in Washington are supporting Mondale, and even working for him, but I don't know one among them who sees anything in him except a winner. He's got the money, the time, the campaign machine, the head start. (They think he'll win the nomination, that is. Thinking he's the Democrat most likely to beat Reagan would be a good reason to support him, but few

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS

Rates for Text Classifieds per insertion	Rates for Display Classifieds per insertion
1 time, $1.25 per word	1 time, $38 per column inch
6 times, $1.10 per word	6 times, $34 per column inch
12 times, $1 per word	12 times, $30 per column inch
24 times, 90 cents per word	24 times, $27 per column inch
36 times, 75 cents per word	36 times, $23 per column inch
48 times, 65 cents per word	48 times, $19 per column inch

There is an additional charge of $4.50 per insertion for a TNR Box number. Telephone numbers count as two words, abbreviations count as one word, zip codes are free.

We accept *only* camera-ready copy for display classifieds. (Complete display advertising rate card will be sent on request.) Send your advertising copy along with check or money order, or Mastercard or Visa number and expiration date. Or call collect to place your order. Telephone orders must be charged to credit cards. We do not bill. Copy must be received 28 days before Monday issue date. All ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Write or call collect (person to person): Theresa Miller, Classified Advertising Department, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC 20036; 202/331-7494.

Announcements

Help grassroots efforts to fight world hunger. Join Oxfam America's 10th Fast for a World Harvest and support emergency relief and development programs in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Skip a meal November 17 and send your food money to Oxfam America. Organize a community fund-raising event. Write: Oxfam America, 115 Broadway, Boston, MA or call 617-482-1211.

Art

IN TIME FOR THE HOLIDAYS. 8 artist posters: 3 beautiful cats, 1 blueberry butterfly, 4 abstract surreal. For catalog sheet, send 25¢ to: The Art Place, 12700 Chilton Circle, Silver Spring, MD 20904. (301) 384-2445.

Associations

Join with us in our efforts to make ZERO NET MIGRATION the cornerstone of U.S. immigration policy by halting *illegal* immigration completely, and by reducing *legal* immigration (in-migration) so that each year it does not exceed emigration (out-migration). Write today for our FREE BROCHURE. NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, INC., 16 East 42nd St., Suite 1042 (G-4), New York, N.Y. 10017.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS/CUSTOM PRINTED (union shop). "The Source" since 1961! Largest variety social awareness and anti-nuclear items in stock for immediate shipment, FREE WHOLESALE CATALOG, Larry Fox, Box M-4, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (516) 791-7929.

Colleges/Universities

UNIVERSITY DEGREES without classes. Bachelors, Masters, Doctorates. Accredited, inexpensive, fast. Dr. John Bear, P.O. Box 11447-N11, Marina del Rey, CA 90295.

Work, family, and earn your B.A. or M.A. at the same time? YES. Vermont College of Norwich University, which is accredited by New England Association of Schools and Colleges, has two of the pioneer external programs in individualized adult learning. Financial aid available. Admissions, Vermont College, Box 43, Montpelier, VT 05602. (802) 229-0522.

Clothing

LEGENDARY FLIGHT JACKETS from THE COCKPIT!

Those who served may still have their great looking flight jackets. For those who missed "The Big One" The Cockpit Catalog offers a complete selection of Army, Navy and Air Force Vintage, Reproduction and Current Issue Flight Jackets in Sheepskin, Leather, and Nylon. Also, Flight Suits, Helmets and Goggles, Squadron Patches and Insignia, Aviation Memorabilia and many other hard-to-find Aviation Accessories.

For quick and easy Mail-Order Shopping, send Two Dollars for our Color Catalog.

In N.Y. visit our 7th floor Retail Facility.

THE COCKPIT, Dept R-675 • 627 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012 (212) 420-1600

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!

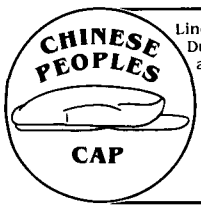
...and into our soft and sturdy, pure cotton drawstring pants.

Offered in: Natural Russet • Sky Blue • Green Plum • Black • Navy

State hip/waist measurements. $18 Postpaid and Fully Guaranteed.

FREE catalogue and swatches.

Deva a cottage industry Box HOT Burkittsville, MD 21718



Lined all cotton cap from China. Durable, practicable, comfortable. Navy, tan or white. Sizes: S-M-L-XL.

Send $5.00 or 2 for $9.00 to:

Newport Cap Co.
P.O. Box 1226-NR
Newport, Oregon 97365

Gifts

First names printed in Chinese characters on 5 x 7 quality art paper in framed folders. Send $5.00 per name to: Names, P.O. Box 12, Crown Point, IN 46307.

Illustrated History.
Ten oversized postcards of contemporary issues: acid rain, guns, pollution, nukes, ERA, etc.
$5 to: Mariona
P.O. Box 34785
Los Angeles, CA 90034

KOINONIA

PRODUCTS FROM THE FARM

Quality pecans, candy, fruitcake, granola for yourself or holiday giving. Free Catalog.

KOINONIA FARM
Rt. 2, Box NR
Americus, GA
31709

Health/Beauty

STAY OUT OF THE HOSPITAL. Learn of treatment methods that eliminate hospital surgery for most rectal complaints, hernia and prostate problems in book by Dr. N. W. Boyd, $6.95. Rectal conditions, hernia and prostate problems can be treated by office methods. Surgery seldom needed. To order book or for free information, call (717) 428-2436, or send stamped envelope to: Dr. N. W. Boyd, Loganville, PA 17342.

Hotels

ST. CHARLES HOTEL

BEST BUY IN D.C.! From Only $39 - Sgl.
Dupont/Embassy Area

1731 New Hampshire Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20009
(202) 332-2226 (800) 424-2463

Weekend in D.C.-the fun is FREE

Literary Services

Out-of-Print Bookfinder. RN, 2035 Everding, Eureka, CA 95501. Send wants.

WE WILL FIND ANY BOOK. Cornerstone Books, P.O. Box 1536, 10 Milk St., Boston, MA 02108.

Out-ot-print books. Send Wants. 2035RN Everding, Eureka, CA 95501.

ITER: Interpreting, Translating, Editing, Research. Call or write for rates. ITER, P.O. Box 77, A Allenhurst, NJ 07711. (201) 531-5182.

Miniatures

DOLLHOUSE MINIATURES. Handcrafted. Catalog, $1 (refundable). Petite Boutique, Box 90797R, Rochester, NY 14609.

Personal

6', trim, bearded male, 47, professional, areligious, sensitive, intelligent, imaginative, informed, affectionate, unconventional, seeks similar female(s) for creative sharing of intellectual, emotional, physical experiences. Adrian, TNR 1235.

Businessmen seek women escorts. Hymann Louis Brenner, 678 Washington St., Apt. #314, Lynn, MA 01902.

Meet people who enjoy Music, Theater, Literature, Art. Confidential Listing. Write: The Cultured Network for details. POB 1511, NYC 10023.

USA-CANADA-EUROPE
Sophisticated singles, all ages, seek enlightened correspondence and sincere friendships. Details: Scannaclub/9C, POB 4, Pittsford, NY 14534. USA.

ORIENTAL WOMEN seek correspondence for cultural exchange, language practice, friendship. Cherry Blossoms, Box 1021NR, Honokaa, HI 96727.

MARRIAGE BUREAU. Doctors, Engineers, Scientists, even millionaires wishing to meet and marry Americans. Toll free 1-800-446-7660 or write U.S.B.I.C., Box 29769, Richmond, VA 23229.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE—Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write: CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured singles acquainted. Established 1970. 3000 members. Nationwide. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call 215-566-2132.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245.

Property Sale/Rent

Rent Central London House—3 beds, 1 1/2 baths, all conveniences. Short lets Oct.-X-mas; long let or exchange for Manhattan apt. Jan.-May/June 1984. Call M. Jaye (201) 648-5820, (201) 574-3878 eves.

Sublet sought in Manhattan, Sept.-May 1984 for editor-publisher. Excellent references. Possible exchange for beautiful French provincial home (10 rooms, garden, caretaker), located 40 minutes from Paris amid orchards and vegetable farms. Michael Hoffman, Millerton, NY 12546. Days (518) 789-4491.

Publications

BIBLICAL ERRANCY. Free Copy, 23 Fay Drive, Enon, OH 45323.

"HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY" by E. Waterhouse Allen. Wicked, informed satire about Bureaucratic Types you should recognize! Distilled from 50 years' work in human service agencies. 135 pages, 1st edition, ppd. $3.95. Write: BARKBACK (NR), P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS

Fine books, manuscripts, page proofs, theatrical scripts, galleys, letters. Individual volumes or complete collections purchased. Catalogues issued. GLENN HOROWITZ BOOKSELLER, 141 E. 44 St., NYC. (212) 557-1381.

SEX OVER FORTY

Find out why men and women over 40 often miss the best sex of their entire lives. Read SEX OVER FORTY, a practical, helpful newsletter for mature men and women. For FREE information, write S/40 Dept P.O.Box 40428, San Antonio TX 78229

SASE BRINGS "STEALING AMERICA." Write: 26865 Columbia St., Hemet, CA 92343.

COUNTER-PUNCHING—a bi-weekly newsletter focusing on the Taxpayer vs IRS. Introductory offer, 13 issues $25. P.O. Box 182, North Boston, NY 14110.

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE
By Derek Humphry (author of Jean's Way)

Unique guide to self-deliverance for dying persons $11 p/p. Membership (incls. newsletter) $15. Nonprofit.
Hemlock Society, P.O. Box 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066. Phone (213) 391-1871

Religion

JESUS FICTIONAL! Positive proof Flavius Josephus created Jesus, authored Gospels. Booklet, $3.00—Vector, Box 6215-N, Bellevue, WA 98007.

Services

Mail Forwarding. World-wide. Itineraries followed. Message service. Member Chamber of Commerce. MCCA, Inc., Box 2870, Estes Park, CO 80517. 1 (800) 525-5304.

COMPUTER ACCURATE NATAL HOROSCOPE. Informative, easy-to-read interpretation. $10 plus, $1.50 postage and handling. Send name, birth date, time, and location to: Aquarius Computer Services, Box 57638, Webster, TX 77598.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T-Shirts

IS BIG BROTHER WATCHING?
If you are tired of Government . . . tired of Big Business . . . tired of everybody telling you who you are and what you should be . . . then now is the time to speak out. . . . Display your disgust and declare your independence. . . . Wear a **Big Brother Is Watching** shirt today. . . . T-Shirt: $10 (S, M, L, XL—grey, lt. blue, red). Shipping: $1 per piece. Canadians remit $US. **BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING LTD.,**—P.O. Box 335, Neenah, WI 54956.

Vacation/Travel

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS. Dreaming about an unspoiled tropical island with dozens of secluded beaches, sunshine every day, warm water, and fabulous snorkeling? Virgin Gorda has it all. Brand new, private 2-bedroom housekeeping house with spectacular beach and view for rent. Lorraine Buckner, 34 Livermore Rd., Wellesley Hills, MA 02181. (617) 235-8090.

TRAVELING TO BRITAIN? We help you enjoy Britain economically. Custom-tailored itineraries. Free brochure, price list. INNERBRITAIN, INC., 3445 Wedgewood, Roanoke, VA 24015.

Etc.

Profesional Shortcuts for cleaning The Four Most-Dreaded Household Chores. Send $1.50 to: E.C.S., 2007 East Glenwood Avenue, Fullerton, CA 92631.

TRIVIAL TESTING. TEST YOUR IQ. Increase your knowledge with our game booklet. Send $2. CA-MOORE, Box 10352-NR, Seattle, WA 98101.

CELEBRITIES ADDRESSES: over 4,800 personal addresses. Send $2.00 for list of names, subsequent addresses 50¢ each to: ACS, 1765 No. Highland Avenue, #434, Dept. NR, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Repellow
CEDAR
PET BED
Repels Fleas & Ticks
NATURALLY
Pets & People Love Cedar Aroma. Fleas and Ticks HATE IT! Sound alternative to chemical products. Deodorizes too!
Soft cedar shavings fill a UNIQUE foam inner-cushion. Durable and appealing fabric cover unsnaps for easy machine washing. NO SCRATCHY BURLAP
• Small 18"x23" - $15.95
• Medium 24"x32" - $18.95
• Large 30"x42" - $24.95
(Price includes tax and shipping)
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Mail Orders: Repellow Products Dept. NR
1417 Fones Road
Olympia, WA 98501
Instant Charge Orders - Call Free Anytime
1-800-824-7888
in CA 1-800-852-7777
Ask for Operator 748
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

tighten

. . . your advertising budget with affordable NEW REPUBLIC classifieds. Rates begin at just $1.25 per word and can go as low as 65¢ per word for multiple insertions. Ads with camera-ready copy begin at just $38.00 per column inch and can go as low as $19.00 per column inch.

Face it . . . there's no better way to place your message in front of 250,000 responsive readers every week. Just ask any NEW REPUBLIC advertiser:

"Both our classified and display classified advertising in the NEW REPUBLIC has paid off handsomely from the first insertion. We have found that, after tracking responses to our ads for a 90-day period, each insertion produces an average gross income six times greater than our actual space, production and catalogue costs."

Martin R. Paule
TNR Classified advertiser
Deva Natural Clothes

To advertise in TNR classifieds, simply fill out the following form. See the preceding page for complete rate information, or call collect (202) 331-7494 for free estimates.

Buy two, get one free!

If this is the first time you've advertised in our classified section, you're eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for two insertions, and we'll give you the third one FREE. How can you refuse?

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa #, along with your ad copy, to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC, 1220 19th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Phone order accepted with MasterCard/Visa only
Call Theresa Miller—person-to-person collect—at (202) 331-7494.

☐ *YES* I want to tighten my advertising budget with affordable NEW REPUBLIC classifieds. Enclosed is prepayment, along with my ad copy.

Please run my ad _____ times.

_____
(Advertiser)

_____
(Product or Service)

_____
(Address)

_____
(City, State, Country, Zip/Postal Code)

☐ *YES* I qualify for your "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK DIARIST

Debate

THE NEW REPUBLIC and *The Nation* are sponsoring a debate on whether the Rosenbergs are guilty, and I feel compelled to attend. The debate is between Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors of *The Rosenberg File*, and Walter and Miriam Schneir, authors of *Invitation to an Inquest*. Although I am not a Rosenberg case "buff," I share the general taste for controversy (provided I am not a party to it), and I've followed, with some fascination, the burgeoning exchange of letters and reviews among the various disputants. In truth, I have no special desire to delve further into the case or to establish my current views more firmly, or even to see the bitter exchanges—although I anticipate there will be many. I need to see and hear the older people who have been in and near the Communist Party and who will, I am confident, gather in comradeship, huddling together for warmth, at this final event of the 1950s.

THE DEBATE BEGINS with the Schneirs making an hour's statement to an attentive audience. I am struck by the rigidity of Walter Schneir's facial expression and his barely suppressed rage. I have never before seen anyone exude such absolute self-righteousness, or any adult exhibit such petulance. Twice Schneir leaves the stage in protest over procedural points; once he walks to the front of the stage to protest to the audience against an act of the moderator, Brooklyn D.A. Elizabeth Holtzman. The Schneirs are hard on the attack, relentless. (And their opponents never manage to explain why they didn't use the standard system of numbering F.B.I. documents.) Walter Schneir plays taped telephone conversations with Junius Scales, Max Gordon, and John Gates, who each deny speaking as Radosh and Sol Stern had reported. Schneir's complete tapes of these conversations do not show him requesting permission to tape (thereby making me nervous) and they proceed much too quickly and smoothly from the hellos to the lengthy denials. To my ear, the conversations sound pat and preplanned. I am relieved to think that Schneir is not deceiving his three respondents about the taping of their conversations—only his Town Hall audience. Schneir looks triumphant while playing his tapes, but his opponents reply with tapes of their own conversations with Scales, Gordon, and Gates which support their book's version. Moreover, they play a tape of a chatty telephone conversation with Miriam Schneir—who, they report, previously had denied speaking to them! She sits stone faced; neither Schneir comments on any of these tapes. The Radosh tapes have the sound of authenticity—so I wonder why *they* hadn't asked permission to tape. The playing of tapes is not, however, at an end, for Marshall Perlin, an attorney appearing as questioner on the Schneirs' side, denies that Fyke Farmer, the Rosenbergs' unofficial appeals attorney, had ever talked to Radosh, Milton, or Stern. The audience cheers resoundingly until Stern starts to play a tape of his conversation with Farmer, which no one wants to hear, including especially Perlin who strides offstage waving his hand negatively at the playing tape recorder as if to ward it off.

THE OTHER SIDE'S chosen questioner, James Weinstein, simply wants to speak of what he knew firsthand. That isn't a question, protests his opposition. Elizabeth Holtzman suggests that Weinstein turn his statement into a question, a gambit he declines. This display of integrity gives none of his opponents pause.

SOL STERN IS forthright and Joyce Milton down to earth and in command of details. Radosh and Milton strike me as a bit too cheerful for this occasion, recalling their smiling dust jacket photo, which hardly depicts people who have reluctantly reached an unwelcome conclusion. (To Morton Sobel's complaint from the floor that Milton uses a *Times* story that quotes him out of context, she cavalierly replies that Sobel's side also quotes people out of context and those are just the breaks.) The highlight of the evening rests with Radosh. After mentioning English Communists who spied, he discusses how, plausibly, *some* Americans also would have left the official Party to do espionage work for the Soviet Union. Radosh emphasizes that the Communist Party was not an official espionage organization; people left its auspices to work under direct Soviet supervision. But Radosh's book also emphasizes that C. P. functionaries assumed that some who dropped away from Party activities engaged in illegal activity on behalf of Russia. Party officials averted their gaze. The Party, then, was not like the auto club, which, too, may have contained some members who committed espionage. To have labeled the Party's *unofficial* role in espionage, however, would not have sat well with this audience, the one I have traveled to see, which somehow loses its quiet attentiveness when Radosh, Milton, or Stern speak. Radosh does say many things the audience does not welcome: He wonders about people who denounced anti-Semitism as a factor in the Rosenberg but not the Slansky trial; he says the reactionaries had been right about the nature of the Soviet Union; he mentions the Gulag. This, as part of his view that the Party, and its behavior, has been a tragedy for the left in America. (Walter Schneir responds he would not want to be part of a left that considered the Rosenbergs guilty.) When Radosh speaks of the sincere people who had wasted their lives in the Party, there is loud hissing.

WERE THOSE LIVES spent largely in and around the Party wasted? Whatever might be admitted about Stalin (though nothing is tonight—Walter Schneir indignantly says Stalin is not on trial), the people present cannot face the possibility of wasted lives. The Rosenberg case constitutes their one remaining issue which others will heed; it is their last cause. More than that, it is their last hope. If the Rosenbergs are vindicated, they too will be—of the charge of having wasted their lives. With the meaning of their lives at stake, could they now listen to even one uncomfortable fact, they who had for so long refused, when less was at stake, to listen? They hiss. I have seen the audience. Perhaps later I will feel anger at their (I think willful) moral obtuseness in defending so monstrous a regime but at that moment I feel only sadness.

ROBERT NOZICK

Robert Nozick is the author of *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* (Basic Books) and *Philosophical Explanations* (Harvard University Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED